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THE great Powers haggle over the terms on which Russia may be allowed to live; the great bankers are willing to barter a country's existence for a mess of interest on the loans of a dead autocracy. While this cynical game of death goes on it is encouraging to find some few who are willing actually to work with the Russian Government and for the Russian people. Sidney Hillman in his address before the recent convention of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America threw open a new field of constructive help to Russia. By means of funds subscribed by his organization and by workers and other well-disposed persons outside of it, certain clothing factories in Petrograd are to be taken over and operated. This is a business proposition, but unlike most investments in foreign lands it is being conducted with the welfare of the Russian people in mind and in partnership with the Russian Government. "Kuzbas" is a different sort of scheme, one in which American workers themselves undertake the physical development of a great industrial region, working for and in direct agreement with the Soviet Government. The documents—hitherto unpublished—describing these two enterprises are printed in the International Relations Section this week. They are important partly for the promise they hold out of actual constructive help for Russia; from our point of view they are quite as important as an indication that some groups of American workers have courage and altruism surpassing anything so far exhibited by governments or financiers.

HAVING gone to the party and et just as hearty as if he had had any business to be there, Mr. Bakhmetieff has now bidden his all-too-hospitable hosts a tentative and rather lingering farewell and is preparing to go home. He fears his continued presence may embarrass the Department of State and rather than cause the smallest blush to rise on any countenance he will depart. Mr. Hughes, on his side, kisses his "dear Ambassador" verbally on both cheeks and tells him that he is ready, regretfully, to let him go. Mr. Hughes seems to admit by this act that he is indeed capable of embarrassment but we think he underestimates his composure. The remaining functions of the Embassy are to be turned over to Mr. Ughet, and Mr. Hughes promises that the attaché shall "continue to enjoy the usual diplomatic privileges and immunities." Thus nothing is really altered; a dead and almost forgotten government still holds on to the property of the Russian people and their Government. If Mr. Hughes felt even the first timid intimations of embarrassment over the presence and activities of Mr. Bakhmetieff he has the same reason to feel them now; and intrusive citizens like Mr. Borah have as good cause as ever to inquire into the behavior and eligibility of our Russian guests.

THE road to hell is assuredly paved with such futile good intentions as were embodied in the Washington treaty forswearing the use of poison gas. Senator Borah has recently pointed out that the United States alone has ratified the treaty and that the United States, like all the other nations, is busily experimenting in the use of gas. In the current *Atlantic Monthly*, W. Lee Lewis, inventor of the deadly Lewisite gas, argues that it is quite useless to talk of forbidding poison gas. Its wholesale effect in laying waste great cities, he says, is greatly exaggerated and so too is the suffering it causes. But the most interesting part of Major Lewis's article is his frank condemnation of the treaty as "a diplomatic platitude that will weaken the whole structure of the Conference labors. . . . We have the ridiculous picture of the United States forswearing gas warfare and yet maintaining an elaborate experimenting plant in war gases at Edgewood, Maryland. . . . Such a lack of consistency and good faith will defeat the purpose in hand." The futility of the treaty banning poison gas, the probable futility of the limitation of the use of submarines, and the insistence of the Administration on an army and navy personnel larger than before the war ought to arouse millions of Americans who sincerely thought that permanent peace could be easily won by a polite agreement to disarm a little.

EVERYBODY knows that there "are no classes in America" but somehow it is always safer for mine guards and State officials to terrorize striking coal miners in Pennsylvania towns than to apply the same tactics to highly articulate and reasonably influential outsiders. Knowing this, Arthur Garfield Hays, a New York lawyer, backed by the Civil Liberties Union, went to Vintondale, Pennsylvania, a mining town with a particularly bad reputation as an armed camp. Though the union owned a piece

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of property in the town no union meetings were allowed. Not only union organizers but all "suspicious" strangers were held up by armed guards who patrolled roads leading to the mining camp. A newspaper correspondent for a labor paper was held up and beaten. The mine guards and local officials were impartial. When Mr. Hays and some friends appeared they showed them no favors. They handled them roughly and ordered them out of town. Then things began to happen. Before Mr. Hays was through he had sworn out warrants for mine officials and coal-and-iron policemen charging false arrest and assault and battery; he had also entered civil suit against the Vinton Colliery for damages and arranged to bring an injunction suit against the company forbidding its agents to interfere with the legitimate activities of the miners. Samuel Untermyer has agreed to cooperate with Mr. Hays in carrying through this test of the quality of Pennsylvania justice.

FROM testimony before the Lockwood Committee it appears that ownership of ore-carrying railroads gives the United States Steel Corporation the ability to manufacture steel at from $3 to $5 a ton cheaper than the independent steel producers. Last year the corporation operated the plants only to 45 per cent of capacity. It might have lowered its price, operated more nearly at capacity, absorbed all the orders for steel, and still made a profit. Instead it kept prices up, slashed wages, obligingly carried some ore for its competitors—at a profit of course—and made a higher percentage of profit on the volume of its business than in the prosperous year 1920. Obviously any other course would have driven its competitors to the wall. Judge Gary, while insisting that the tremendous power of his corporation was exaggerated, was ready to answer why he ought not to put any of his competitors out of business by underselling them. To do so, he thought, "would not be right" and it would leave the Steel Trust a monopoly which the courts would dissolve. Somehow the story doesn't fit with what we were taught in economics of the virtues of competition in curbing monopoly and reducing prices.

ONE of the convincing reasons against a bonus to our soldiers in the European War is that it is unwise to right one injustice by perpetrating another. We do not believe many of our soldiers suffered financially by their army service; not a few profited definitely either at the time or after their discharge. Those who did suffer are by no means the only or even the chief victims. War is full of injustice of all sorts—that is part of its cruelty—and thousands of civilians were squeezed by high prices or ruined by business dislocations. The profiteers were an insignificant fraction of the whole community. The persons for whom the country ought to have a special thought are the soldiers who returned physically or mentally unfit. The awful mental havoc of the war is by no means a closed account. The American Legion reports an average of two suicides daily among ex-soldiers nervously deranged by their experiences. The tardy effort properly to care for these genuine and special victims will be retarded rather than helped by the blanket handout of a joy-fund soon to be squandered by a large proportion of the recipients. So far as Congress goes the bonus is a plain bribe for reelection; but it is far from certain that it will achieve its purpose. We think that any candidate who has the courage to oppose the bonus sponsors in the fall elections will have no reason for regret.

PRESIDENT HARDING has declared himself against bonus legislation unless accompanied by a specific method of raising the money, but we look with little confidence for a veto. Mr. Harding is not a vetoing President. The newspapers, it is true, are full of stories to the effect that he has decided to become the boss of his party and to thump Congress into line with a big stick. That such procedure would be directly contrary to his campaign pledges to restore congressional government is less important than that it is contrary to the temperament of the man. Newspapers that are assuring their readers that he will veto bonus legislation are animated largely by the fear that he won't. So far as ship subsidy goes, the President is undoubtedly strongly for it, but he will use no mailed fist in the controversy. Mr. Harding is not a Wilson or a Roosevelt. He will not wish, nor can he afford, to break with his party. He was put into office to treat "the boys" right, and he will.

FOR the United States to attempt to relieve the misery of Asia Minor while war and atrocities continue is a bit like baling out a leaking ship with a tin cup. That reason alone is enough to justify Mr. Hughes in agreeing to American representation in an international investigation of the alleged atrocities of the Turks against the Armenians and Greeks. We hope that the Powers will agree to his proposal for a concurrent investigation of Turkish countercharges of Greek atrocities. It is probable that all the combatants in that war-cursed region are guilty in greater or less degree. The Powers themselves share the guilt because their course has been guided by their own imperialist interests and by no humanitarian considerations whatsoever. It would have been the part of realism in politics as well as humanity to accept the fact that the Kemalist Turks were in control in Anatolia, to recognize their Government, and to appoint consuls and other agents whose mere presence would do more to prevent atrocities than dozens of investigations after the event. If in addition Great Britain had withdrawn its moral and financial support from the Greeks in their hopeless war, peace would long ago have been restored. While Kemal Pasha's Government is virtually outlawed there is little pressure that England or America can bring to bear on it to protect Christian minorities.

THE "reform" of the Hungarian election law was obviously calculated to wipe out the last chance of effective protest on the part of the unhappy workers of that country. Strict qualifications for voting were set up; in certain districts the secret ballot was done away with and public voting substituted. It was a gesture of fear on the part of the Hungarian Government and the results of the recent election show that the fear was justified. A free and democratic election would undoubtedly sweep the Horthy regime out of office. As it is, a group of Socialists—possibly as many as twenty—was elected to Parliament; some of them were even returned from country districts where public balloting made a vote for a Socialist an act of courage. The Government's majority is composed of representatives of the agrarian and land-holding groups. Only three of the eleven members of the Cabinet were returned, and in the capital where the secret ballot is still in force the Government did not put up a single candidate. In his effort to exorcise all opposition to autocracy Horthy has tried murder, torture, deportation, internment, prison, the terrorism of armed bands, anti-

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Semitic agitation, the limitation of the franchise. He has failed with them all. His failure should—but doubtless will not—be a lesson to all tyrants and terrorists and Lusk-law advocates here and everywhere.

IS Bolivia to be the next victim of our galloping imperialism? A $24,000,000 loan has been floated by a syndicate of New York bankers based on

a first lien and charge on all import and export duties, mining claims, alcohol monopoly, 90 per cent of tobacco monopoly, corporations other than mining and banking, net income of banks and net profits of mining companies, upon the Government's controlling stock interest in the National Bank of Bolivia, and the dividends declared upon such stock; further, upon a first mortgage upon the Atocha-Villazon Railroad now under construction, and the Potosi-Sucre Railroad, about to be constructed, together with a pledge of the net income of such railroads.

Nor is this all. It is announced that if the foregoing taxes and revenues should at any time prove insufficient, additional taxes and revenues may be called for (by the bankers, of course), and the collection of all these revenues will be supervised by three permanent commissioners, two of whom will be appointed by the bankers. Now, it is all very well to urge that this is a legitimate financial transaction, and that if the republic of Bolivia puts its head into such a noose willingly it deserves whatever fate may be in store. But quite apart from the question whether the present Bolivian Government is properly and wisely representative of its people, and is or is not executing the public will, the issue concerns us essentially not from the standpoint of Bolivia but from that of the United States. It is impossible to put any hitherto supposedly free and independent country in pawn to foreign bankers for a generation and not anticipate trouble. One should not blame the bankers. They are not in business for any other purpose than to make money. But this loan, like other steps in the southward march of our empire, is consummated with the blessing of the Department of State. It takes no prophet to see that armed forces of the United States will follow the bankers into Bolivia—and they will have a harder task than the marines in Haiti.

HOW not to save daylight has been beautifully demonstrated in the city of Washington. Government employes, apparently, favored daylight saving by the time-tested expedient of advancing the clock, but Congress—fearful of rural reproof even in a matter affecting only the national capital—declined to authorize the change in the government offices. President Harding then issued an order that beginning with May 15 the Federal departments should open and close an hour earlier than usual. But the city as a whole failed to advance its schedule. Some business houses changed their hours and others did not. The hours of theaters and other evening entertainments were not changed, and the net result has been to shorten the sleeping hours of most government employees and disorganize the entire city. Finally, there is reason to believe that influences have been at work to put in effect the new schedule not as a bona fide experiment in daylight saving but as a first step toward lengthening the hours of Federal employees. The *Evening Star* said:

Members of Congress who have been persistently working for years to get Uncle Sam's workshop on an eight-hour day are renewing their efforts. . . . There are good prospects that the earlier hour will be made permanent, as a most important step towards the economy and efficiency program to which the Harding Administration is committed.

The change proposed would be direct participation by the Government in the cowardly game of reviving "prosperity" at the expense of the workers. It ought to be opposed by organized labor. What Washington needs is not a longer working day in the Federal departments but a more intelligent working day in the halls of Congress.

THE realm of England has one less rogue at large now that Horatio Bottomley, late editor of *John Bull*, has been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for fraudulently converting to his own use about £150,000 subscribed to the clubs which he organized and mismanaged for the patriotic investors who trusted him. The case seems perfectly clear. This violent, dangerous, and disgusting demagogue presumed upon his patriotic reputation to get large sums into his hands in connection with the sale of Victory bonds and then turned the money to his private advantage. He alleged in his defense that he meant to pay the money back; every petty embezzler does that. He declared that he had paid out of his own pocket to certain hard-pressed depositors an amount equal to the amount he used himself; this is a defense not likely to persuade those who lost by him. But Bottomley's unparalleled impudence appeared in the fullest flower when he argued that his patriotic services during the war should offset his misdemeanor. The worst of it is that the state of popular opinion at that time actually did encourage the outrageous notion that if a patriot were noisy enough he was above the law. The best of it is that three and a half years after Bottomley was returned to Parliament along with the other political riffraff of that 1918 election he and his like should learn that patriotism is not eternally the safe refuge of a scoundrel.

AMERICA proposes, Canada disposes. So it turned out with President Taft's reciprocity tariff, and so with the St. Lawrence canal. While we were gaily discussing an international question as if its settlement rested entirely with us, Premier Mackenzie King has knocked the project temporarily out of the ring by declaring that he would not sponsor it in Canada at this time. His action is clearly the best disposal of the plan; and this is said without any hostility to the building of the canal. Eventually, we think, a deep waterway connecting the Great Lakes with the Atlantic Ocean is sure to come, but the project will profit by a more careful study of the commercial, engineering, and financial aspects than it has yet had. So far the canal has been treated in this country solely as a sectional issue, with politicians and commercial bodies in the Middle West lined up for it and similar forces in the East against it. The whole discussion has been a partisan and a selfish one, with the public looking in vain for unbiased counsel. Delay at this time is further desirable because it will prevent the predicted log-rolling in Congress whereby friends of the ship subsidy in the East would trade votes with supporters of the canal in the Middle West. There ought not to be a ship subsidy at all. There ought not to be a St. Lawrence canal until it can be envisaged by the country as a national, not as a sectional, issue.

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May Jews Go to College?

HARVARD is not the first American university to attempt to limit the proportion of Jews in its midst. It is merely the frankest. Other colleges have gone far further without admitting it. The Harvard Faculty passed a measure permitting more elasticity in considering candidates for admission on other grounds than those of character and of scholarship. The Faculty did not at first realize that this meant discrimination against the Jew; when it did, it rescinded the action taken.

Yet the honorable action of the Harvard Faculty does not solve the problem of the Jew in American colleges. The incident merely calls attention to the tendency in American universities to establish an academic Pale. Columbia University has in the past two years reduced the percentage of Jews in her incoming classes from 40 per cent to 22; New York University is reported to have effected an even more stringent reduction; and other universities have adopted or are considering similar methods. It is a matter which college presidents have discussed among themselves, and which has been whispered about at Faculty meetings. It was high time to haul it out into the limelight.

Let us face the question in all frankness. In the two decades before the war a flood of Jews poured out of Russia and Poland into the United States. They had not the same cultural background as the German Jewish immigration; they came from the ghettos of the Pale; the tradition of persecution and discrimination, even of pogroms, ran red in their veins. We let them heap up in our dingiest tenements and tolerated exploitation of them in our darkest sweatshops. Their own efforts, their readiness to toil night and day, have brought them a little of this world's goods, and they are now sending their sons to college. With all their hunt for money they have retained an extraordinary respect for learning. A larger proportion of Jews go to college than of any other race in America. They are, accordingly, flooding the universities in the cities where they have congregated. The College of the City of New York has become an overwhelmingly Jewish college—more than 90 per cent of its students are Jews. Columbia's Jewish percentage crept steadily upward until, in 1919, the freshman class entering the college was more than 40 per cent Jewish. The Wharton School of Commerce, the largest department of the University of Pennsylvania, has 27 per cent Jews, and the medical school is reported to have even more. At Harvard the percentage, which ten years ago was between 5 and 10, has reached 20. And these Jews, coming increasingly from poor immigrant homes, are often unable to live in the college dormitories or to share in undergraduate life—even if they were wanted. Many of them live at home, eat a pocket lunch on the college campus, and leave the university grounds to earn the money for their tuition by night work. Many retain the gregariousness born of life in the Pale, and remain only half-assimilated.

It is natural that university officials should attempt to stem this tide. As Mr. J. P. Gavit put it in the New York *Evening Post*, there are "colleges which are simply young gentlemen's country clubs for the pleasant prolongation of the period of adolescence." There is also the genteel tradition at Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. Graduation from them has in the past carried with it a rather elementary but still real degree of social prestige. The infiltration of a mass of pushing young men with a foreign accent, accustomed to overcome discrimination by self-assertion, would obviously change the character of undergraduate life at any of these institutions and lessen its social prestige.

So the discrimination has begun. Some colleges have appointed local alumni committees which meet and pass upon candidates from their cities, a method obviously open to abuse. Others have adopted tests of "character," or a system of psychological tests. It is widely charged that the psychological tests have been used to discriminate against Jews; certainly the drop in percentage of Jews which has frequently followed their application is extremely suspicious in view of the previous complaint that the Jews ran away with all the prizes and scholarships. Columbia College has combined with mental tests a study of the applicant's record. Not only are his "outside" school activities considered, but the principal of his high school is asked to mark him upon a series of character traits, including "fair play," "public spirit," "interest in fellows," and "leadership"—traits in which a school principal of old American stock is likely to rank low the boy from an immigrant home who is excluded from some of the social life of his fellows by prejudice and by the need of earning his own way from more. Other colleges have definitely limited their total attendance, thus creating a waiting list—and, as the director of admissions of one Eastern college said to an editor of *The Nation*, "with a waiting list you can do almost anything." This kind of concealed exclusion of course disgraces any university which adopts it. If a college is to exclude Jews or to limit them, let it state the fact and give its reasons.

With a full realization of the complex and tragic nature of the problem we go further: we say that the college or university which wishes to be the Alma Mater of the leaders of the America of tomorrow can make neither secret nor open exclusion on the ground of race or creed. The character of our universities is changing already; it will be still more changed by this infusion of strange blood. Some of the beauty of the aristocratic tradition will be lost. But America is changing; it is no longer a nation of Anglo-Saxon stock; it is a nation molded by that stock but perpetually being transformed by the later comers. The American university must change too, either moving with the country or in the reverse direction. Either it must become a limited social institution, living on memories of other days—and a university which bars a persecution-scarred race cannot keep alive the traditions of intellectual integrity, of *noblesse oblige*, and of essential democracy which have made our elder universities play so great a role in American life—or it must open its doors frankly and fairly to all who can meet its requirements of scholarship. The social unity of undergraduate life may suffer; but in intellectual vigor there will be gain. A university, like a preparatory school, will, if it wishes prestige as a social club, exclude or discourage the newer immigrants; a university which dedicates itself to the pursuit of truth and which wishes to maintain itself as a hearthstone of the mind can make no such discriminations. Only the Russia of the Czars did what our universities are beginning to do; only Poland, Rumania, and Hungary do so today. America cannot afford to class itself with the most backward in Europe.

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Plain Speech About Ireland

LESS than a year ago Ireland was in the grip of the British terror. There was tragedy and suffering but there was life and hope. A united people opposed the Black and Tans—a people who gave evidence of courage, social idealism, and political capacity. Suddenly England proposed a truce and in the course of time a treaty was signed which gave the Irish the nearest approach to absolute freedom they had had for almost 800 years. Pending ratification the British turned over the government of Ireland outside of six Ulster counties to Irish revolutionists. There was general rejoicing.

Six months have passed. There are today three armed groups of Irishmen which between them overawe Ireland outside of Ulster: the Free State army, the Republican army, Rory O'Connor's independent Republican army, to say nothing of bandits disowned by all the armies. Banks have been looted, meetings violently suppressed, public and private buildings commandeered, newspaper offices wrecked. Irish blood has been shed in civil war and the fratricidal combat was arrested only by an agreement which deprived the people of a reasonable opportunity to hold a free election. Civil and religious war continues in Ulster.

It is more profitable to seek the explanation of these facts than to bewail them. First come the Ulster pogroms. It was imperative that Lloyd George should offset the natural suspicion as to his good faith by an earnest effort to persuade the Ulster Government, which he had created, to throw in its lot with the Ireland to which by every consideration of geography and history it belonged. Failing that, he was at least obligated to see that there was an end of the pogroms which Orange fanaticism—itself largely a product of British policy—had inflicted on the Catholic and nationalist population. Mr. Lloyd George did none of these things; his Cabinet helped to bring about a paper agreement between Sir James Craig and Michael Collins but it more than neutralized that effort by subsidizing the "Ulster specials" who made the pogroms. This was the negation of the peace Mr. George professed to seek. Orange pogroms invited reprisals and discredited the treaty.

But no believer in the greatness of the Irish people can accept the crimes of Orange fanatics and their British backers as a sufficient explanation for what happened in the rest of Ireland. Reprisals may be natural but they are stupid. To this day the Republicans who denounce the partition of Ireland and the horror of pogroms have proposed no better policy for winning Ulster, which Mr. De Valera himself admitted should not be coerced, than is afforded by the treaty provided that document is honestly carried out. Republican gunmen in Belfast have thus far only intensified the danger to their unarmed brethren, and a few outrages against Protestants in South Ireland, committed by criminals whom all factions denounced, have tended to obscure the guilt of the more numerous crimes of the Orangemen in Belfast. The Republican denial of the right of the people to pass on the treaty has had little direct relation to the Ulster problem. It has rested largely upon a metaphysical nationalism remote from the realities of everyday human well-being, which draws subtle distinctions between the "sovereignty of the people" and "the will of the people" as expressed at the polls. Mr. De Valera originally was no irreconcilable Republican; he himself had proposed an arrangement with England something like that which the United States set up with Cuba; he appointed negotiators knowing that the British would not accept absolute separation; he drew up a plan of "external association." If after the treaty was signed he decided to join the irreconcilable Republicans or to urge his alternative document it was his right and duty to argue his case before the people, to insist upon a fair election, and to accept its decision. Instead he became more and more the spokesman of a military dictatorship. He rebuked certain acts of violence, but his passion and power were thrown not against robbery and murder but against the men who had signed the treaty. Asked if the army were entitled to use force to prevent the election on the treaty and to suppress free speech he declared:

> The army, as the last defense of the nation, is entitled in the last resort to prevent elections such as those proposed, which may well be regarded as the device of an alien aggressor for obtaining, under threat of war, an appearance of popular sanction for his usurped authority. If Britain were to remove the threat of force and were to pledge herself to respect whatever decision the Irish people arrived at, and if the register were a valid one, then I would say, but not till then, that intervention by the army would be tyrannical and immoral.

In other words, an Irish army ought violently to intimidate Irish citizens in order that British threats may not intimidate them. This is the moral equivalent of the argument that the Germans had to invade Belgium in order to keep the French from doing it. Other Irish extremists go farther. They no longer talk about "the sacred rights of self-determination"; instead they say that "there is nothing sacred in majority rule," and they use that argument not to defend the civil liberties of a minority but to justify a military dictatorship in refusing to the people the right even freely to discuss a treaty which may involve the question of peace or war.

This tragic failure of Irish statesmanship is of concern to the whole world, for it menaces the friendly relations of great nations scarcely less than did the terrorism of the Black and Tans. Not military defeat compelled the British to seek terms, but English lack of heart for guerrilla warfare with a people seeking freedom, together with resentment at its cost and apprehension of its effect on Britain's relations with other nations. All that is changing fast. If violence continues, if the "agreed election"—despite the courageous independence of Irish labor and other groups—is as evasive of real issues as now seems likely, England may be rehabilitated in the opinion of mankind at Irish expense. The Irish extremists are playing with fire. Do they not see that their own arguments in favor of military dictatorship may be used to justify an intervention which Irish disorder invites? Do they not tremble lest neutral opinion might give even Britain a moral mandate to reestablish her power? Such a mandate would be wrong in principle and in practice but may be given. Surely a great people has not poured forth its treasure of loyalty, courage, and devotion only to create a nation disorganized by factional strife and dedicated to guerrilla warfare.

The foregoing editorial was already in type when news came of the great concentration of British troops in Ulster and their engagement with Irish Republican forces on the

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border. The effect of this precipitate and partisan action by the British Government—which has intervened not to put down murder in Ulster but "to protect" a province already adequately protected by its own forces—can only be still further to injure the hope of peace. The London *Daily News* has spoken words which are a credit to liberal sentiment in England in its vigorous condemnation of Mr. George for "faking a crisis for political purposes" and for his "deliberate attempt to engineer an invasion of Ireland through Ulster." Mr. Collins's protest against it is well grounded.

As we have appealed to the Irish not to sacrifice the realities of freedom to a military dictatorship of their own troops, so we appeal to the English people for the sake of the world's peace to permit no resumption of the old and discredited military imperialism which has made Ireland the island of sorrows for more than seven hundred years.

The Saving Wage

THE Secretary of Labor has never ranked high among our local revolutionaries; even conservative trade unionists have turned on him a dubious eye; but recent articles by Mr. Davis appearing serially in the New York *Daily News* should have the effect of shoving him rather abruptly to the left and landing him among strange companions. For Secretary Davis has come out for a "saving wage" for every American working man. The idea of a living wage he dismisses as antiquated and barbarous and he predicts that "when business improves and prosperity returns we may expect it as a certainty that the American workman will come back with a wage permitting him not simply to exist but to get something out of existence."

This is plain, downright, red revolution. A saving wage indeed! Secretary Davis says mildly that what the term implies "we need not stop to figure." It is well, perhaps, that he did not stop to figure before he wrote; the results might have scared him off a worthy cause. What, for instance, are American wages at the present time? A few scattered figures from impartial sources are at hand. The New York State Department of Labor has issued a bulletin, giving the weekly earnings of factory workers in all the industries in the State in April of this year. According to this study wages range from $19.56 (in the textile industry) to $32.76 (in water, light, and power plants), the average for all industries being $24.15. This means that if the factory workers in the State should work every day in the year with no unemployment, strikes, or seasonal shutdowns they would earn on an average $1,255.80. In its April bulletin the Bureau of Labor Statistics printed a report stating that $1,590.65 was the actual average yearly wage of coal miners all over the country. The National Industrial Conference Board has published figures on wages in American industries based on returns from 4,084 establishments in June, 1921. At that time, when wages were probably higher than they are now, $22.89 was established as the average weekly rate, or $1,190.28 for the year. This figure, since it allows no deduction for the vast unemployment incident to all industrial labor, must exceed the true amount earned.

Such figures can hardly be expected to startle Mr. Davis out of the Harding Cabinet and into the Socialist Party unless they are interpreted in terms of food and clothing and shelter. Luckily Mr. Davis through his own Bureau of Labor Statistics has put the necessary facts at our disposal. In 1920 the Bureau published a careful and elaborately compiled "quantity budget"—a list of the commodities and the actual amounts of each commodity required by a family of five to maintain a level of "health and decency," below which a family cannot go "without danger to health and morals." This budget has been translated into dollars in many wage disputes all over the country, and we have before us the interesting results of several investigations made by the Labor Bureau, Inc., to determine the living—not saving—wage in several communities.

Date	Location	Cost
Mar.-Apr. 1921	New York City	$2,368.16
June, 1921	Schenectady	2,067.02
July, 1921	Rochester	2,262.76
November, 1921	Chicago	2,445.65
March, 1922	San Francisco	2,533.82
March, 1922	Philadelphia	2,351.36

In each case the wage figure was arrived at by pricing food and clothing at the stores habitually frequented by workers in the industries involved, and by discovering the rent actually paid. The cost of living in New York has dropped about 6½ per cent in the last year, so that the living wage for that city should be corrected to $2,216. The important thing for Secretary Davis to note is this: Actual wages of American workers range from $1,190 to $1,590 a year; bare health and decency cannot be maintained on less than from $2,067 to $2,533 a year.

And even yet we have not reached the saving wage! But there are facts to be had on that, too, in the form of figures, also compiled by the Labor Bureau, presented in two recent arbitration cases in New York. They comprised not a "saving" budget, for Secretary Davis's phrase had not yet been coined, but a "skilled worker's budget" and the men won their cases on that estimate. In addition to the sum required for mere "health and decency" the workers demanded a wage which would allow for small savings ($104 a year), a clock and a few books, amusements, and toys for the children. When these modest requirements were added to the Government's quantity budget the wage became $2,938.60.

Here, then, are the sorry facts: To live decently, though on the verge of destitution and with no hope of saving or of material enjoyment, the American worker must make at least $500 a year more than he does at present. To achieve a saving wage he must earn $1,400 more; he must, in fact, increase his present earnings 100 per cent.

Life, of course, manages to mock at figures. In spite of the fact that practically no industrial workers earn an amount within hundreds of dollars of a living wage they still live. In spite of their remoteness from a saving wage some of them save, and enjoy an occasional book or motion picture show. But the figures do not distort the picture as much as might appear: Health and decency are not maintained in our mill towns and our city slums; toys and movies, thanks to human cravings, are often bought in place of bread; and incomes are generally raised a little above the destitution level by the work of mothers and children. Allowing for all these things, and for the fact that American families average a fraction under five, the "saving wage" is still a long way off. Whether or not Mr. Davis knows all the implications of what he advocates, his appeal springs from an honest desire to raise our American standard of life, and the workers of the country now have government authority for claims far beyond anything they have dreamed of making, and have been offered a handy and appealing slogan for future battles.

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America the *Saboteur?*

FRANCE did not march into the Ruhr on June 1, as she had threatened. So much good at least came out of the series of pow-wows on reparations which marked the turn of the month. But Pierpont Morgan and his fellow banker-saviors of Europe met the same snarl of European politics as has confounded premiers and experts, and their intervention brought no such sudden peace as optimists had hoped. Some progress was made. The Reparation Commission had called upon Germany to take additional measures to prevent the flight of capital from Germany and to lay its hands on capital that had already flown and to halt the increase in paper money circulation and make new efforts to balance the budget. Germany replied that she would make "the most strenuous endeavors" to meet the demands, and that if she got an international loan she thought she could do it. At that time the bankers seemed on the road to negotiating a billion-dollar loan, and the Reparation Commission sanely informed Germany that her reply was satisfactory—which put an end to French dreams of marching into the Ruhr. Poincaré's monkey-wrench was laid aside.

But the billion-dollar loan ran into a snag. The plan was to grant Germany a loan which would make it possible for her to stabilize the mark and halt her paper money inflation without cutting off payments on the reparation account. Half of the proposed loan was to go to reparations. Apart from this payment Germany was to be granted a virtual moratorium on reparations for the period covered by the loan. The value of the loan obviously will depend upon its size and the consequent length of the period allotted for recuperation, and it will of course not be granted at all without elaborate guaranties. France appears to be insisting that nothing short of a five-billion dollar loan is worth considering; and she is very loath to grant the conditions which the bankers feel it necessary to make before granting their loan.

Obviously the bankers want a prior lien on Germany's resources—prior even to the reparations lien. They also wish to reduce the total of the reparations claim. That is the point at which the French prime minister sticks. He naturally wants to make sure that France is not giving something for nothing—or very much for very little. A loan of a billion to Germany, out of which France got only 52 per cent of the half that went to reparations, would not mean much to France. Here America enters; Poincaré uses our attitude to justify his truculence. The final billions of the German debt which he is asked to relinquish are, in fact, mere scraps of paper; no one seriously expects that they will be paid. But so, after all, are the Allied debts to America. Why should France be asked to scale down her claims upon Germany, as American bankers and politicians are urging, if the United States still stands rigidly upon the letter of its bond, and demands not only that France acknowledge her debts in principle, but make some arrangement about interest upon them at once?

And in that, we have to confess, M. Poincaré shows logic and common sense. The problem of reparations will not be finally settled so long as America insists upon divorcing it from the problem of inter-Allied debts. So long as we refuse to discuss that problem we are playing a role of *saboteur* analogous to that so disastrously played by M. Poincaré at the Genoa Conference.

The Nonpartisan League Fights On

THE Nonpartisan League will try to regain control of North Dakota in the forthcoming Republican primary election in the State. The League, it will be recalled, is not a political party and exerts its power only by capturing the primaries—choosing in some States the Republican, in others the Democratic. In North Dakota the League has controlled the Republican primaries since 1916, but owing to the fact that its opponents succeeded in recalling Lynn J. Frazier, the Governor, in a special election last autumn the outcome this year is in doubt. Factional quarrels, as well as the agricultural depression, have wrenched the League severely, but the recent State convention ended in an agreement to work together along the lines originally laid down by the organization and in the nomination of a full slate, including B. F. Baker for governor and Mr. Frazier to succeed Porter J. McCumber in the United States Senate. From the national standpoint the success of ex-Governor Frazier would be particularly fortunate as it would send another honest and courageous man to Washington to work with Senator Ladd.

The recent State convention of the Nonpartisan League in North Dakota brought also the retirement of Arthur C. Townley as national president and his temporary eclipse, at least, as the head and front of the organization. The League is the child of "A. C." and such success as it has had is largely to be credited to his genius for organization and political strategy. From its inception, however, the control of the League has been highly centralized, and recently there has been a demand for greater local autonomy as well as doubt whether Mr. Townley had the qualities of statesmanship to be intrusted with a dominance of the organization in the future such as he has had in the past. Not long ago Mr. Townley declared himself in favor of giving up the historic policy of the League in North Dakota and, instead of seeking to control the Republican primaries, he advised that support be given to such candidates of any party as were regarded as desirable, thus controlling the balance of power. This is virtually the scheme to which the American Federation of Labor has been committed by Mr. Gompers and, although it may occasionally win a temporary advantage, we are persuaded that as a political principle it is futile. In point of fact also there is considerable sentiment in the League for a directly contrary policy: for making the organization an independent political party.

Fortunately, we think, the League convention in North Dakota decided for the present to abide by the organization's historic policy. As a basis for harmony Mr. Townley proposed his resignation as national president and suggested that an entirely new State committee be elected, all of which was carried out. Mr. Townley's withdrawal is an unselfish step in a career which has contributed notably toward the advance of a freer and better political and economic life in this country. Part of the price he had to pay was a term in jail under the outrageous Minnesota sedition law, and upon his release last winter he was indicted on a trumped-up embezzlement charge. Fortunately this was promptly thrown out of court as unfounded. Mr. Townley is still comparatively young and we do not believe that his services to the farmers and the country are ended.

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These United States—V[1]

NEW JERSEY: The Slave of Two Cities

By EDMUND WILSON, JR.

FROM the first fringe of houses that one leaves on emerging from the Pennsylvania Tunnel and that litters the slope of the hill like the scum of a receding sea, from the yellowed and foundering marshes and the rusty back-yards of factories, from the tangled grooves of railroad tracks and the greasy black of Newark Bay, one finds oneself immersed in an atmosphere of tarnishment and mess. The cities are indifferent and dingy; the people are seedy and dull; a kind of sloppiness and mediocrity seems to have fallen on the fields themselves, as if Nature herself had turned slattern and could no longer keep herself dressed. The chances are that you merely pass through, on your way to Pennsylvania or the South, and that New Jersey seems to you essentially a region that one traverses to go somewhere else, a kind of suburb and No Man's Land between New York and Philadelphia. It has the look of a dreary dumping-ground for odds and ends not wanted in the cities, a scrap-heap of ignoble manufactures and uninteresting amusements, that manages to cheapen even the silence of its southern pines. And in this first unflattering impression you would not be far wrong. It is precisely its suburban function which gives New Jersey such character as it has. It is precisely a place where people do not live to develop a society of their own but where they merely pass or sojourn on their way to do something else. Its distinction among Eastern States is that it has attained no independent life, that it is the door-mat, the servant, and the picnic-ground of the social organisms which drain it.

Almost every characteristic phase of New Jersey takes its function from the nearness of the cities. This is largely what prevents its minor cities from rising above their flatness and drabness. They are content to leave to New York and Philadelphia ambition, liveliness, and brilliance. Where a small Western city, however barren and crude, may command attention through the violence of its energy and the freshness of its enthusiasm, a similar place in New Jersey is likely to lapse into a leaden sleep scarcely distinguishable from death. For the Western town, isolated, thrown in on its own resources, and without a base already laid in the past to support the activities of the present, is obliged to be a success or it is nothing at all; it depends on the efforts of the present generation to make it a going concern; whereas the New Jersey town exists very largely either as a sleeping-place for commuters, who have their business, their amusements, and their associates in New York, or as a mere blackened stump of a town, from which all the more enterprising people have departed, leaving only the feebler to nest in the trunk which their ancestors have planted. The commuters, in their less fashionable phases, are the pure type of American suburbans—lawn-mowing, baseball-watching, Sunday-paper-reading merchants or business men: they live in new concrete houses and own Buicks and Red Seal Victrola records. But the remnants left behind of the original local society decay drearily in great box-like houses which they seem gradually to have ceased to paint, dwelling languidly amid family photographs and shabby Victorian furniture, asking nothing of the commerce of the town but what the grocer and the drug-store can supply, breathing the stale tepid air of an atmosphere where even gossip has lost some of its virulence. They keep not even the charm of social ideals which are admirable even in decay—such as one finds in the South or New England; such taste and manners as there have been have long since emigrated or worn off; nor is there enough energy left behind to launch the town on a vulgar career of booming. Only Newark, so far as I remember, has ever tried anything of this kind and that was more of a special centenary than a prolonged campaign of boost. The best they could do for a slogan was "Newark Knows How" and their mean and dingy imaginations rose no higher than mean and dingy boasts. "History shows us that when poets appear," ran the legend on one of the gala arches, "civilization has begun to decay. Newark has produced no poets."

But the smarter communities come even further from fostering an independent local life. It is either a question of well-to-do commuters who are fundamentally New Yorkers and who never really identify themselves with New Jersey as citizens of that State or of people with country houses who merely come down to New Jersey for a few months in the summer. And they do not even carry smartness to a particularly brilliant point. Rich brokers and powder manufacturers build houses like huge hotels, where their families go about the familiar business of motor and country club. There are the regular tennis, golf, and polo, and, occasionally, a half-hearted fox-hunt. Scattered fragments of a local squirearchy live in the country all the year 'round, accustomed to the society of their horses and dogs and not greatly missing any other. The children of both these elements, rather unusually stupid flappers and youths, pursue a monotonous round of recreation of which they never seem to tire. They are neither very sprightly nor very wild and between the beach club, the tennis club, and the country club attain a sun-baked, untroubled comeliness of healthy solid young animals. They have not even much of a heritage of snobbery to give them the distinction of a point of view.

As for the vulgar resorts that strew the coast culminating in Atlantic City, they have even less charm than the fashionable ones. Here on sticky summer evenings the inland horde swarms like flies. They plunge shrieking on roller-coasters, explore the amorous tunnels of the Old Mill, and listen to phonograph records of Al Jolson on musical slot-machines; they have their pictures taken on buttons, consult negroid gypsy fortune-tellers, bid for bogus *objets d'art* at elegantly conducted auctions, eat pop-corn and salt-water taffy, win fans at Japanese ball-rolling games, shout with laughter at the Magic Mirrors, look on at sand-sculptors modeling President Harding, and squeal with glee as they grab each other's legs in the squirming eel-pot of the surf.

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This is the fifth article in the series entitled These United States. The first was on the State of Kansas by William Allen White (April 19), the second on Maryland by H. L. Mencken (May 3), the third on Mississippi by Beulah Amidon Ratliff (May 17), and the fourth on Vermont by Dorothy Canfield Fisher (May 31).

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No, New Jersey can boast no Cannes nor even any Provincetown. Here the ancient loud-murmuring sea that breaks so grandly on the coast of New England, that laps the soft smooth sands of Long Island with its little crystal waves—affronted by nightmare villas, pricked by endless piers and casinos, befouled with the droppings of picnics, garbage-pailfuls of egg-shells and orange-skins, balked abruptly of its long sweep of shore by the encroachments of bulkheads and beach clubs—chafes dully against its curb, bleaching out the flimsy summer cottages and in the winter gnawing sullen chunks from the bathing pavilions and boardwalks. Only at such comparatively remote and unpopular refuges as Mantoloking does one find the open yellow sands free for men and children to play on, where, unencumbered by boardwalks and beach clubs, you may sprawl as naked as you please, turning orange at the pressure of the sun among the dark green garlands of the seaweed, while the sea softly worries the shore like a friendly and playful dog. For the rest, the turbid surf made stale with a million hired bathing-suits, the bleak private beaches where cottages lodge like the sea-dried mummies of fish.

Even the countryside of New Jersey has largely lost its local flavor. Where fifty years ago a tranquil race not unlike that of New England went about the work of farm and village in faithful allegiance to the church, which formed the center of a genuine community with a civilized society of its own, there is nothing today but great truck-gardens to feed the straining populations of the city and towns which have been gored by the motor roads and are losing their identity as gasoline stations. I take as symbol an amiable old lady inhabiting a low white house, built close against the road but screened off with yellow rambler and clematis; in the dining-room are smooth mahogany and some fine thin old silver; in the book-case are Shakespeare, Milton, Dickens, and Frank Stockton. The road, now become a State highway, buries the rambler and the clematis in dust; the old lady dies of lacerated nerves from the shrieking of joy-rides to the shore; the mahogany is bought up at auction by the wife of a gasket manufacturer.

Only three kinds of life in New Jersey are really free of subservience to the cities and these do not contribute much that is vivid to the stagnant society of the State. There are, first, the industrial centers, like Paterson, Newark, and Trenton, which do their share to blacken the landscape and spread desolation on man. They are as grimy and as dismal as possible, but it is characteristic of New Jersey that not even the horrible here attains really heroic proportions. In the plumbing and rubber goods of Trenton, the sewing-machines of Elizabeth, the silk mills of Paterson, and the petroleum of Bayonne, and in the jungle of diversified industries which gives Newark a sort of grim richness: the Agatine Shoe Hooks, the Metal Buttons and Novelties, the Jigs, Fixtures, and Dies, the Grey Iron Castings, the Washers and Steam Discs, the Milling Cutters and Reamers, the Celluloid, Varnish, and Corsets, the Artificial Leather Products, and the Electric Hoisting Machinery—you get the blank brick walls, the leaden streets, and the cramped smudgy life of industry without the epic sky-blasting monsters that one finds in the steel-mills of Pittsburgh. But here life reaches what is almost the only intensity it ever attains in New Jersey: the grinding and bitter conflicts which make an industrial ulcer of Paterson.

Another element of New Jersey society which exists independently of the cities is the settlement of poor white trash or "pine rats" which infests the southern pines. Below Lakewood one enters an arid tropics of pine-needles and sand. The air is like molten flannel; the streams dry up to green streaks. To whole tracts of this desolate wilderness there has never come anyone but the surveyor, and the very landmarks have been branded with such sinister names as Mount Misery. But scattered about the edges of this desert are found rudimentary communities of men who manage to live in a perpetual state of indolence and destitution. Without lawyer, doctor, or clergy, in the crudest of timber shacks, devoured daily by fleas, mosquitoes, sand-ticks, and gigantic flies, they ask nothing of the world but to be allowed to deteriorate in peace. They have practically nothing except gin that civilization can supply. They are interrupted only by sociologists who find them a useful laboratory of degeneracy. I remember that the last thing I saw as I was leaving one of these settlements one summer was a huge snake being assaulted by two half-naked little girls who savagely did it to death with large tree-branches for bludgeons. These are perhaps the only autochthonous and autonomous Jerseymen.

But it cannot be altogether the suburbs which give New Jersey its tarnished quality. There is something in the very climate which seems to blur life out of clearness. The sticky winds from the sea, the miasmal vapors from the marshes, the muggy suffocating summers, and the long dissolution of the fall spread a haze and a kind of blowziness upon the human life of the State. Does the flatness of the country itself tend to flatten the lives of the inhabitants? Is it for this reason that when I think of New Jersey it tends to appear to me as a set of phenomena so uniformly blighted with a lack of stature or distinction? I see the dusty and smelly ailanthus trees of the dog-eared public park in Newark, the crazy husks of summer hotels deserted and collapsing on the shore, sparse groves slowly turning to junk-heaps with accretions of cans and old shoes, wooden houses turned abjectly into billboards for long extinct brands of Liver Pills, a man in a furry green hat wrangling rancidly with his wife in a country club, a puncture in a soft red road at the edge of a settlement of Negroes, an imitation of the Villa d'Este (with overtones of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon) by a Jewish theatrical manager, "Souvenir of Atlantic City," root-beer booths beside the road, three actors catching sallygrowlers on an hilarious outing in a row-boat, women reading the *Ladies' Home Journal* by blue and green glass soda-fountain reading-lamps, a State Senator bribed in a lavatory, a Sunday-school excursion to Ocean Grove, the public library of a large town which never gets the works of H. G. Wells, oyster-openers at Keyport striking because the Board of Health had perforated their buckets and thus, allowing the juice to escape, had made it necessary for them to open more oysters, girls in the Passaic handkerchief factories trying to bring down the price of the thread which, though an essential material of their work, they are forced to buy from their masters.

Yet, on the other hand, one should not blame too harshly the landscape and the climate. After all, our unhappy State must once have had its charm like another. When Colonial standards still prevailed, New Jersey must have been nearly as attractive as the South or New England. It is true that this earlier civilization seems to have been more completely obliterated than elsewhere: the old towns, like Perth Amboy or Elizabeth, with beautiful or distinguished names, have

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become now the most hideous of all. Perth Amboy is a scrofulous common glared upon by ghastly corpse-like houses; Elizabeth's ancient church is wedged tight between dry-goods stores and banks; at New Brunswick the fine sweep of the Raritan is begrudged by a huddle of factories. But here and there, none the less, one finds a relic of the old quality. At Princeton, most of all, is it possible to guess what life must once have been. Here, at last, whatever tone New Jersey has may be seen at its best; for Yale and Harvard are not more of New England than is Princeton of New Jersey. Here where clear windows and polished knockers are still bright on Colonial houses, where Nassau Hall, in dry grace of proportion, still wears the dignity of the eighteenth century, the eternal lowland haze becomes charming, the languor a kind of freedom. Here, as elsewhere in New Jersey, it is as if life were on the point of stopping, turning no face to the future, not caring if the future ever comes; so careless, so untroubled by the tides of life are the gestures and voices of its men that our visitors from New England universities have been known to rail at Princeton for idleness, for drifting gaily through delightful days in a backwater of the world, as the other inhabitants of New Jersey may be supposed to drift dully through shoddy ones. One seems at last to have reached a place where no one cares what is happening in New York. . . . An old Negro in a rickety hack rattles listlessly along Nassau Street . . . men in white hats and white flannels lounge gently toward the tennis-courts . . . cries flung from the playing-fields are lost in the wide flat silence of the countryside . . . on the canal a lock-keeper and his wife live for ever in a small white lock-house and the white ducks bob and float on the green surface of the canal . . . crows hawk in the low wet woods where the lady-slipper lifts her pink . . . the tame locomotive that runs lazily between the town and the junction pants and shuffles vaguely in the distance like a comfortable pet. . . . And at night from the campus rise fragments of song, friendly names tossed at open windows, spray of music splashed lightly from casements to dissolve in the quiet air—half-meant, half-heard, half-finished, thrown careless to the careless night. . . . But by as much as Princeton is moribund from the point of view of the cities by so much does she suit herself better to be a place of reflection and play. The flowers of poetry and of learning scarcely open in our crowded air. There are too many interruptions and too little patience to tend them. But at Princeton it is possible, at least, for men to find their forebears again and to practice the arts which they cherished in an atmosphere not different from their own. If the tempo of life is indolent, why indolence nourishes poetry; if the outlines of things are blurred, why one is so much less beset by the real. Here at least New Jersey the slattern may lift nobly the head of a Muse. . . .

Yes: one must not fall into the error of making Nature a scapegoat for everything: she might be dignified and charming enough even in the mild fields of New Jersey if the beings who insist upon infesting her did not murder those qualities with their own.

[*The next article in this series, to appear in our issue of June 28, will be* Utah: Apocalypse of the Desert, *by Murray E. King.*]

Reforming the Supreme Court

By RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

NEARLY a hundred years ago Alexis de Tocqueville said that the power of the American Supreme Court was "the power of public opinion"; but that it would last only "as long as the people respect the law," and that it "would be impotent against popular neglect or contempt of the law." This is a double-edged warning—applying equally to judges and to people—which has lost none of its timeliness with the passing of years. And it should not be presumptuous to reiterate it in the face of recent decisions of the Supreme Court which strike directly at social legislation the necessity for which is almost universally recognized.

During the present term the court has overruled an Arizona law forbidding the use of an injunction in labor disputes (Truax *vs.* Corrigan), on the ground that such an enactment deprived the employer of his rights without due process of law. Yet many years ago the court ruled that the right of indictment by grand jury, the right not to testify against oneself, and even the right to a jury trial might be taken away by a State without violating the due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment (Hurtado *vs.* California; Twining *vs.* New Jersey; Walker *vs.* Sauvinet). The Truax case, moreover, is likely to be far-reaching. If the anti-injunction provision of the Arizona law is unconstitutional, a similar provision in the Clayton Act—widely heralded as Labor's Magna Carta—would logically be unconstitutional (although Chief Justice Taft summarily waved aside the analogy), because of the due-process clause in the Fifth Amendment, applying to acts of Congress.

The recent child-labor decision goes even further. It imposes restraints on the power of Congress to levy taxes, which the court in the past has refused to sustain. The Supreme Court now says that Congress has no power to levy a tax whose "palpable" effect is to prohibit or to regulate. Yet in one of the earliest decisions of the Supreme Court John Marshall declared that the "power to tax involves the power to destroy" (McCulloch *vs.* Maryland); in the same case the justice declared that "the government of the Union, though limited in its powers, is supreme within its sphere of action." Later the Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of a law taxing colored oleomargarin out of existence, while in 1869 it upheld a similar tax levied by Congress on State bank notes (McCray *vs.* U. S., Veazie Bank *vs.* Fenno). In its 1920 term the court held that "when Congress acts within the limits of its constitutional authority, it is not the province of the judicial branch of the government to question its motives" (Smith *vs.* the Kansas City Title and Trust Company). Yet despite these decisions the Supreme Court has now seen fit to declare a prohibitive tax on child labor void. In the light of these decisions it is not at all improbable that the court will nullify the Dyer anti-lynching bill, if enacted; and the Maternity and Smith-Towner educational laws, on the ground that they infringe on State's rights.

Regardless of the logic used by the court to reconcile its

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decisions of the present with those of the past, it is high time that the actual extent of its powers be reexamined. The Supreme Court now has the power to survey every act of Congress to determine whether or not it conflicts with the Constitution of the United States. It has the power, under the Fourteenth Amendment as interpreted by a long line of decisions, to survey every act of the Forty-eight State legislatures within the Union in order to determine whether they deprive persons of life, liberty, or property without due process of law. There was a time when the Supreme Court inquired merely into the *power* to enact the legislation in question. The court still insists that it follows this rule. Nevertheless, under the Fourteenth Amendment the court has come to pass upon the *expediency* of State legislation under the famous "Rule of Reason" whereby it determines whether or not the act of the State is reasonable. A test of reasonableness inevitably becomes a test of expediency rather than of power. In applying this test the court has practically deserted its position as a judicial body and has become a third chamber in every State legislature in the country. It serves as the same check to legislative majorities as does the British House of Lords.

Naturally a body possessed of such power subjects itself to attack. Even before 1800 the Georgia House passed a bill which provided that any Federal marshal who attempted to carry out the judgment of the Supreme Court in Chisholm *vs.* Georgia, "shall be guilty of felony, and shall suffer death, without benefit of clergy, by being hanged." Later decisions aroused less violent protests. Nevertheless, both Presidents Jackson and Lincoln failed to carry out the mandates of the Federal courts. And after the Civil War the sentiment of Congress against the Supreme Court because of its treatment of reconstruction measures was so great that bills were introduced abolishing the appellate jurisdiction of the court altogether.

At present there is only one direct means of controlling the decisions of the Supreme Court: that is by impeachment. Its judges hold office for good behavior and its decisions cannot be overcome. Yet obviously impeachment is no remedy. A judge cannot be impeached for a decision made in good faith, however distasteful it may be.

Many drastic suggestions have been made to curtail this vast authority of the Federal judiciary. It has been pointed out that the Constitution in no place expressly grants the power to declare laws unconstitutional and that this power is exercised by the courts in few, if any, of the other governments of the world. On the ground of "usurpation" there are those who would wipe out entirely the power of judicial review. Yet there are at least three reasons why such an heroic remedy would be a mistake. Practically, it would necessitate a constitutional amendment, because the courts would undoubtedly decide that this right was inherent in the nature of judicial power and that, to quote the *Federalist*, it followed "from the general theory of a limited Constitution." Secondly, it would allow Congress to encroach without restraint upon the powers of the State and thus make possible the destruction of the Federal nature of the Union. Of more immediate importance it would give rise to forty-eight different constructions of Federal laws by State courts beyond which there would be no appeal; and it would allow State legislatures to pass laws violating the Federal Constitution. In all federalisms the power exists in the federal government to declare the legislation of smaller units unconstitutional. In Switzerland it would seem that the federal courts have the right to overturn laws of the cantons; in Canada the same right exists—as applied to provincial legislatures, in the courts or in the Dominion Parliament. The judicial review of provincial or state legislation also exists in Australia and in the new German Republic. The abolition of this power in the United States would, finally, remove a desirable check on the domination of Congress by special interests, whether they be Agricultural blocs, American Legions, or Anti-Saloon Leagues. And it would deprive the country of the services of the one branch of our Government where learning and intellect are conspicuous.

Realizing that the general principle of judicial review is sound, others have advocated the popular election of judges in order to keep them in closer contact with public opinion. But the popular election of judges in the States has, if anything, reduced the character of State judiciaries. It is impossible for an electorate, especially when nation-wide, to pass upon judicial qualities. Such a reform would drag the court into politics more than ever. In some States, we have had the amusing spectacle of electioneering judges who publicly pledge themselves to decisions if returned to office!

Likewise, President Roosevelt's idea of the recall of judicial decisions—whereby the people would vote on questionable decisions—contradicts every idea of judicial power. It is subject to the same objection as the popular election of judges. It would be impossible to have the whole nation vote on the constitutionality of a State law invalidated by the Supreme Court. But, if applied only to Federal laws, confusion would be the result. The American Federation of Labor has suggested that the power of the court to pass on the constitutionality of State legislation should be retained but that its power to supervise acts of Congress should be taken away. But this change would also place the protection of federalism and private rights in the hands of Congress, and if no other changes were made, it would leave uncontrolled the power of the court to overrule State laws which may be the result of a widespread demand.

The most reasonable method of controlling the power of judicial review would be to require unanimity or at least a two-thirds majority before the court could set a law aside on the ground of unconstitutionality. Such a provision would retain the advantages of judicial review. At the same time it would prohibit one judge from nullifying legislation demanded by Congress the constitutionality of which had been recognized by four members of the court. Such a provision would have prevented the overthrow of the income-tax law of 1894 (the Pollock case); of the Oregon employment-agency law (Adams *vs.* Tanner); and of the Corrupt Practices Act of 1910 in so far as it applies to the process of nomination (Newberry *vs.* the United States), to mention only a few of the questionable decisions decided by such a fragile majority. Such a provision as to unanimity would also enact Justice Waite's statement in Munn *vs.* Illinois that "every statute is presumed to be constitutional. The courts ought not to declare one to be unconstitutional unless it is clearly so. If there is doubt, the expressed will of the legislature is sustained."

The practical advantage of this change is that it would probably not require the tedious enactment of a constitutional amendment. Congress already possesses the power to regulate the number of judges on the court, to fix their salaries, and to make "such exceptions" and "such regula-

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tions" in the appellate jurisdiction of the court as it wishes. Practically all cases involving constitutionality come before the court on appeal. A law regulating the manner of these appeals would seem to fall within the power of Congress, especially since the actual exercise of judicial review by the court would be retained.

In 1911 Great Britain passed a Parliament Act which took away from the House of Lords its absolute veto of bills passed by the Commons, but which left it the right to suspend ordinary legislation passed by the lower house for at least two years. The Supreme Court of the United States is not a hereditary body; it does not represent privilege. Nevertheless it exercises much the same power as the House of Lords, and it is just as likely to lose touch with public opinion because of the cloistered life in which it is sheltered and because of the conservatism which constant contact with musty legal precedents inevitably gives.

On to The Hague

By ROBERT DELL

Genoa, May 18

A WEEK before the close of the Genoa Conference it was arranged between the British and Italians on the one hand and the Russians on the other that the Russian question should be referred to a commission nominated by the Conference. It was Skirmunt, the Polish Foreign Minister, who first made that suggestion, seeing as he did that agreement with Russia could not be obtained at once in view of the conditions laid down in the memorandum sent to the Russian delegation. The German Chancellor, Dr. Wirth, rallied to Skirmunt's suggestion and played an important part in the negotiations with the Russians. Indeed, he may be said to have acted as intermediary between them and Lloyd George. The arrangement was that the Russians should themselves propose the appointment of a commission and reply to the memorandum in such a way as to make further discussion possible. They have carried out their share of the arrangement, but Lloyd George has not carried out his. The commission that is to meet at The Hague is on very different lines from that contemplated by the arrangement and proposed by the Russians.

What was contemplated was in fact the adjournment of the Conference—the commission to meet during the interval. The Conference has not been adjourned. It is coming to an end, having accomplished nothing at all. The Hague commission will not be the emanation of the Conference, but will be nominated by the respective governments. The Russians will not form part of it, but will appoint a separate commission to meet and confer with it. Worst of all, Germany is entirely excluded from the discussions on the pretext that Germany and Russia have already made an agreement. The pretext will not hold water. Poland has made an agreement with Russia, yet the Poles will be represented at The Hague, as indeed they should be, seeing that they are among Russia's nearest neighbors. Italy and certain other countries are already negotiating treaties with Russia in spite of the provision forbidding separate agreements until the commission has done its work. The real reason for the exclusion of Germany is, of course, that France refused to go to The Hague unless Germany were excluded. By yielding to this blackmail Lloyd George has destroyed the one and only advantage that the Genoa Conference had secured—that of putting all European nations on an equal footing.

The person most responsible for the failure of Genoa is Lloyd George himself. His levity, his ignorance, his lack of character have brought him to this pass. He has had one concern—to secure some semblance of a success to save his own face at home and put him in a favorable situation for a general election. The Russians have acted as any business man would act in a business transaction. They have refused to give something for nothing. They want two things—credits and formal recognition, especially credits. To obtain credits, they would have made very large concessions, but they have been asked to make those concessions without getting anything in return.

Poincaré, of course, was determined from the first to wreck the Genoa Conference, but he succeeded only because Lloyd George allowed him to succeed. Lloyd George could have isolated France and Belgium, had not his courage failed him. They were in fact isolated when they refused to sign the memorandum to the Russians. They were alone with the whole of Europe against them. It may be that, as the *Temps* has suggested, Lloyd George had members of his own Cabinet against him and yielded to Poincaré to avoid a Cabinet crisis. It may be that he was afraid of that section of the Conservative Party represented by the Northcliffe press and the *Morning Post*. But the Northcliffe press and the *Morning Post* do not represent 5 per cent of the population of Great Britain. If the Cabinet had fallen to pieces, what would that have mattered to a man with nearly all England behind him? A foreign delegate said to me that he would have had all Europe as his party had he stood firm and made himself the champion of European peace and unity against French insularity and French militarism. His lamentable collapse is consistent with his whole career. His nerve failed him at the last moment. It always will. The man is a charlatan, although no doubt he himself does not know it.

Lloyd George must have known that the consent of the present French Government would never be obtained to any agreement with Russia or to any scheme of European reconstruction. But he trusted to his wiles and his undoubted personal charm. He won over Barthou to some extent, but Barthou was in leading-strings. Poincaré was wise enough not to go to Genoa himself, and not to give Barthou full powers. In the duel with Lloyd George Poincaré won because he knows his own mind and pursues his aim with unflinching obstinacy. Lloyd George never knows his own mind for more than twenty-four hours together and has no consistent aim.

Lloyd George was obliged to make an agreement with Russia the chief and indeed the only business of the Genoa Conference, because, as I wrote in *The Nation* for April 19, he had been induced by Benes to agree to conditions that made the original purpose of the Conference unattainable. Initiated as an economic conference, it became a purely political one, concerned with only two matters—the Russian agree-

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ment and the "pact of non-aggression," now whittled down to a temporary truce between Russia and her neighbors. Europe had no need of more political conferences: there have been too many. Then Lloyd George opened with a fatal blunder. At the opening meeting the French failed in an attempt to exclude Germany and Russia from the political committee —the only committee of any importance. But Barthou—or Poincaré—outwitted Lloyd George. At Barthou's instigation, Lloyd George began to hold secret meetings at the Villa Albertis in which England, France, and Italy tried to arrive at an agreement with Russia. The Germans, in a fright, signed the Treaty of Rapallo. Then Lloyd George summoned Poland and the Powers of the Little Entente to join in an anathema against Germany and made his second blunder, agreeing to exclude Germany from all discussions with Russia. This blunder was made under a threat of French withdrawal from the Conference unless Germany were excluded. The French view completely triumphed. The subcommittee, sitting without Russia or Germany, proceeded to discuss with Russia by means of memoranda—the best way of making a solution impossible.

The failure of Genoa is thus entirely due to Lloyd George's successive capitulations to French blackmail. He yielded on the agenda because Poincaré threatened not to go to Genoa. At Genoa he yielded because Poincaré threatened to withdraw the French delegation. There is only one way to reply to attempts at blackmail. Had the French Government refused to go to Genoa or retired from the Conference after it had begun, the only sufferer would have been France. Indeed, the absence of France would have meant the absence of consistent obstruction. But I do not believe that the French would have refused to go or would have withdrawn in any circumstances. The head of a delegation from a country in particularly close relations with France told me that in his opinion the French were bluffing and would not leave whatever happened. Lloyd George had all the trumps in his hand. He threw them all away.

Genoa leaves Europe in even worse plight than before. Divisions have been aggravated and hopes betrayed. The atmosphere was even more poisonous than that of the Assembly of the League of Nations. Its activities consisted mainly in backstairs intrigues and secret conclaves. Most of the nations represented were excluded from real share in what was going on and their delegates complained with reason that they had nothing to do and were wasting their time. The German delegation included economists, leaders of industry, representatives of organized labor, who might have made valuable contributions to the reconstruction of Europe. They and others like them had to sit still while three or four politicians representing the Great Powers squabbled and intrigued. Had the principal delegates been men of the type of Rathenau and Schanzer something might have been done. Rathenau and Schanzer understand economic questions and are in politics, so to speak, by accident. No blame for the failure of the Conference rests on the Italians. They showed themselves good Europeans and were prepared to back Lloyd George if only he had given them the opportunity. As it was, they backed him whenever he stood firm for a moment. But Italy could not save the Conference when England gave way. However able a man may be he has in such gatherings only the power of the country that he represents. The success or failure of Genoa depended on the representative of England, and its failure is the measure of Lloyd George's statesmanship.

Vocational Guidance

A Study in the Predicament of Public Education

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

THE more lyric reformers would extend vocational guidance through life. Indeed, life to them is a schedule between vocational and avocational supervision. But the practical vocation movement keeps pretty closely to the adolescent school age of the poor. It began as a private effort and was later taken over by the public school. It is the child of organized philanthropy and public education, but is much closer to industrial society than either of its parents. Organized philanthropy is efficient and has considerable common sense, to which it proudly refers as "scientific method." And it is forever cooperating with congenial professors in its familial, hygienic, and budgetary studies. But unfortunately it is so subject to the influences of the social order whose victims it would rescue that at times it is too Fabian even for the most innocent reform. Still, it is far superior to the public school, whose social and cultural obtuseness makes it the pawn of the lowest political imposture. Vocational guidance depends mostly upon vocational education. The theory is that there is a sensitive proportion between vocational preparedness and personal success. Hence the most telling way of determining its value is to see how it relates vocational training to our economic life.

It is a growing commonplace that, for the vast majority, production is becoming ever more automatized. In his brilliant study on the "Iron Man" Mr. Arthur Pound has developed with subtle insight our increasing mechanical predicament. Sometime ago he took me through the Buick plant which unwinds a Buick car every few minutes. And as we were leaving this giant animated slotwork, he tried to brace me with the remark that not all industry requires such maniacal mechanization. Not yet, but soon. In fact, the machine is already drilling its way into the office. The placement division of the Chicago high schools is at an increasing loss to fill the calls for dictaphonists as against stenographers, for comptometrists rather than bookkeepers, for machine operators of all kinds, for mimeographers and stencilers, filers and addressographers. Half a dozen office technologists in commerce and administration can nowadays direct the office staff of an entire railroad. Even the banker wants "clean cut" young men, whose faces are as clean of personality as of eczema, standard dressed, of efferent courtesy, but especially lacking in that shrewd imaginativeness which marks financial talent. One of the most prominent bankers in Chicago remarked that for over 95 per cent of the openings in his bank he cannot use the imaginative boy, to whom finance is the great adventure that it really is, for he will not stick to the clearing cage. And, of course, in the actual shop and factory the macrocosm of each skilled trade and job is microscopically studied for the very simplest movements, so that every man may carry on at any moment. These propositions of modern economics are so self-evident that nothing but the sagas of "opportunity" and "success" could possibly taboo the obvious conclusions. The automatic age requires an ever larger army of spiritless and simple-minded soldiers guaranteed free from disturbing individualism and ambition.

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But our vocational educators are still under the Emersonian illusion that the world will tread a path to the skilled hermit, while in fact it will telephone the order on a charge account and have the manufactured goods delivered in the rear. The industrial and business courses in our public schools are epitomes in the higher trades and the higher commerce. The Flint high school prepares automatic punchers for the General Motors Company through a course in automotive engineering, thus contributing to its domestic industry primarily a larger turnover of labor. The Chicago high schools advertise at least half a dozen evanescent trades. And the two and four years' commercial courses in all our secondary schools are tabloids in business economics, too narcotic for responsible careers and too stimulating for a routine job.

Naturally in time even the most faithful vocational adviser despairs of such discrepancy between vocational training and industrial demand. And gradually he is bound to modify his ideal of felicitous occupational direction into filling as many jobs as possible, especially in days of unemployment. Every vocation bureau is justly proud of the occasional happy placement, which is always good homiletic text for national conferences. But it cares a great deal more for the monthly report sheet which shows the largest number of placements. And since jobs are provided by employers, the vocational guidance movement almost unconsciously reflects the ethics of Big Business.

One of the most intelligently hostile anti-labor bodies in Chicago is the Chicago Typothetae Association. Mainly by virtue of an especially conscious unionism, printing is still a skilled trade. Hence this society maintains a printing school. Carefully it picks every month about ten or twelve boys, from fourteen to sixteen years of age, through the Vocational Guidance Bureau of the Board of Education. In the mornings these boys are taught the trade and also the three R's required under the continuation school law. In the afternoons each boy works in the shop of one of the Association members at the rather high wage of $7 a week. For this generous arrangement his parents must sign a "moral pledge" that he will complete his apprenticeship at this school and will then enter a non-union shop. This voluntary pledge is really indentured by a promissory bonus of $500 which the boy is to receive on his maturity. The Board of Education sanctions this medieval scheme on the ground that as a public agency it is outside the labor problem, and that if the unions were equally intelligent it would serve them equally as well. This is by no means an isolated instance of the growing cooperation between our public schools and those innumerable employers' and managers' associations whose main business is to further the reaction.

The saying that there are always two sides to each question is merely a proverbial half-truth. In acute social stress there comes a time when one side is unquestionably right. So today justice is altogether with industrial democracy. The converse of this platitude is obvious in the social irresponsibility of the reaction, which keeps us in a constant state of guerrilla civil warfare. Moreover, in the long run, participation in such an anti-social cause demoralizes the participants.

If Dr. Cannon's implication that character depends on glandular secretions is correct, then the social decay of an executive in a reactionary firm would make a fascinating study in the biochemistry of poisons. In January, 1921, one of the most aggressive labor-baiting corporations in Chicago hired a new office manager. When he first called on the high school placement division for office help, he used to give the most pertinent qualifications for each particular job. A few months later he specified his preference for "Americans only." But by January, 1922, he would employ none but "clean-cut Anglo-Saxons of native, Protestant parentage" who did "not exactly have to live on their earnings." The daily press declined such want ads, but the Board of Education honored these and other such requests on the ground that "after all" the employer is entitled to whatever kind of help he wants.

In time such complaisance by the Vocational Guidance Bureau of the Chicago Board of Education profoundly vitiated the public usefulness of its employment service. When it first opened the high school placement division in January, 1921, no more than 12 per cent of the requests for help displayed racial or religious prejudice. In February, 1922, as many as 67 per cent of all the calls were anti-Semitic and 30 per cent were anti-Catholic. Most employers would hire only natives and a good many would take no one of foreign parentage. On the other hand, throughout the year of 1921 not one well-known union house discriminated in a single instance on any but the excellent American ground of personal fitness for the job.

But in spite of its opportunism the vocational guidance movement attracts on the whole an especially high type of social worker. Its blend of school, industry, and social service appears much more significant to the more alert of our younger social workers than the conventional charity or settlement. The vocational advisers are usually not only politically the least venal and technically the best-equipped, but generally also the best-educated group in public education. It is frequently the vocational guidance bureau rather than the truancy department which sees to it that compulsory education is properly enforced. Of all the departments in the public school it alone is sufficiently in touch with industrial conditions to check up on child-labor violations, to promote factory inspection, and to lobby for social legislation. But as to its central task, one must admit that at present vocational education does not educate for modern industry and that vocational guidance cannot guide in the growing chaos of competitive society. Moreover, the gaining notion that it is avocationally possible to compensate for occupational monotony is quite unwarranted. We cannot benumb and cheat the personality at work and then expect it to effloresce into a noble leisure in an environment of ignorance and poverty.

The ever improving technique of our social service is being continually frustrated by the illogical economics on which it rests. And it seems futile to hope for a "scientific method" in society without another Novum Organum against the modern Idols of the Market and the Tribe.

Vienna, 1922

by

Oswald Garrison Villard

in next week's issue of

The Nation

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In the Driftway

IN perusing a new magazine succinctly called *Wave* the Drifter was interested to note the editors' apology for an error in printing three lines from a poem by Mr. Hi Simons (a poet, by the way, of whom the Drifter must confess complete ignorance). Even a Drifter makes mistakes sometimes, though he never apologizes, and he could not only sympathize with the editors but he could imagine the feelings of the outraged poet. Mr. Simons's poem should have ended thus:

Vanish utterly, small light!
I shall remain in this night-dungeoned corner,
Loving her.

But, alas, the ignorant type-setter, or the incompetent copy-reader, or the dunderhead who finally O.K.'s the proof had allowed it to appear so:

Loving her.
I shall remain in this night-dungeoned corner,
Vanish utterly, small light!

The Drifter does not agree with his friends who point triumphantly to such a juxtaposition—"reversible poetry" they call it—and insist that the lines might just as well have been printed

I shall remain in this night-dungeoned corner,
Vanish utterly, small light!
Loving her.

and that this is incontrovertible proof of the idiocy of *vers libre* as a whole. Not so at all. Reversible poetry was written before Mr. Simons was born and by a better poet than he has yet proved himself to be. Every schoolboy has spent time and ingenuity in writing out

Homeward the weary plowman plods his way,

or

The weary plowman plods his homeward way,

or

Weary the homeward plowman plods his way,

or

The homeward plowman weary plods his way,

and so on. Could Mr. Simons do better than that? And does this prove that Gray was not writing poetry? The essence of poetry lies deeper than reversibility; it even lies deeper, the Drifter suspects, than length of line or sound of ending word. But then he is but a novice in such matters. He has no wish to enter into any controversy; and besides, his favorite poem is an irreproachably regular one:

We
De-
Spise
Flies.

* * * * *

IT is good to think of Walter Greaves going to spend the twilight of his life in London's beautiful old Charterhouse. Of the pictures of Greaves the Drifter confesses that he knows nothing except what he has read, but he thinks the Charterhouse is the sort of a place to which an artist would like to go when nearly four score years of age and without a family—or maybe with one. It took Greaves a long time to win recognition, and the National Gallery has just bought Hammersmith Bridge on Boat-Race Day, which the artist painted when he was seventeen. That was before he knew Whistler whom he used to row about the Thames as his boatman father had rowed Turner. Yes, the Charterhouse is a mellow retreat for one who loves beauty and quiet and repose. The Drifter remembers it as he first found it one spring afternoon, the sunshine breaking in golden spray upon the green of the trees and grass in the old square which lies stagnant and forgotten midstream in the swirling current of modern London. Walter Greaves will find peace, one hopes, as have other artists before him within the walls of the Charterhouse whose most famous pupil has immortalized it in the story of Colonel Newcome.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Reason

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There are still over one hundred political prisoners in Leavenworth. I was convicted and sentenced with the Industrial Workers at Sacramento, and was nearly four years in prison.

What is the real reason that we have political prisoners in America? Their crime was that they tried to make this a better world to live in. They tried to change a system that compels women and children to bury themselves in factories and sweatshops—a living death; they tried to change a system that keeps an army of unemployed, hundreds of thousands and sometimes millions, in order that labor shall be kept at the lowest living wage; they tried to change a system that makes it necessary to throw the nation into war in order that the great exploiters of labor may find a market for goods and gather in immense profits in graft from the government. For protesting against such a system the Socialists and Industrial Workers were hounded by the paid agents of the war profiteers, were charged by the subsidized press with every monstrous crime, and were legally lynched in the capitalists' courts.

Thonotosassa, Florida, April 25 JOHN L. MURPHY

The English in India

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read for some time in *The Nation* references to India that invariably imply that English rule there is a military tyranny holding down a united people struggling to be free. You put it concisely on page 208 of No. 2955: "Such is the leader and such is the movement that British liberals (the London *Nation*) find dangerous to the 'civilization' (your inverted commas) which the British maintain by the sword."

That this is written in good faith I will believe; for I believe that the New York *Nation* is waging a hard fight for freedom in thought and action in America and in the world; but it is not true. Its possibility must be explained (forgive me) by a provincial outlook of which France at this moment has seemed the only great example.

Our place in India is not, and still more could not be, maintained by the sword. It was gained by it, but it cannot be kept by it; and the day the peoples of India turn against us, out we go. Our place in India is due to the principle of which the Amritsar massacre and the Crawling Order were the negation—that we are trustees for the peoples of India. You may laugh, and may call it cant; but it is true. Our troubles now are due to it. They are immediately due to the shame of Amritsar and the failure of the Government of India fully to punish (and of a war-muddled English public opinion to condemn it); but their final cause is over eighty years old. It was Macaulay's minute recommending the opening of Western learning to India, and its immediate putting in practice by the Government, though that was still that of the East India Company. It has had its inevitable result in the bursting of the Indian mind to life, in ferment, unrest, and manifold difficul-

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ties from year to year while we shall be there; which we have expected and for which we are glad.

Had we meant to hold India by the sword, we should never have thrown open the door to Western learning; nor should we be doing what we are doing still. The Government of India supplies education without limitation through Englishmen and natives of India working together to all Indians who seek it; the United States Government has left its own Negro citizens illiterate from Lincoln's day till now. The Government has not yet, as I write, locked up Mr. Gandhi; the Government of the United States let out Eugene Debs only the other day. Which people was more likely to be carried off its feet by a rash agitator (if Debs was one): the American, or the Indian?

I will not mention any of the noble names of Anglo-India (in its old sense, it has now a new official meaning) for they would carry no meaning in America, but I will ask you whether you have heard of the John Morley and the Montagu reforms. Do they mean holding India by the sword?

It is not the sword which governs India; it is the Indian Civil Service. It surely has its faults and failings. But for nearly a hundred years it has been a body of men moved by a corporate instinct of service; it has honestly and truly wished to do its duty to the manifold peoples in its charge. It has made modern India. It is taking native India to share in its work. It is digging its own grave. For when it has succeeded, its work will be done.

You call this cant or self-delusion? Ask Mr. Gandhi.

London, England, March 4 H. C. SOTHERAN

[We believe that many fine Englishmen have tried to act as trustees for India; nevertheless England has been an unsatisfactory trustee. She has tried to keep her wards divided and politically immature and has taken high toll for her guardianship. Mr. Gandhi is in jail—treated worse, reports say, than ordinary felons—and so are some 10,000 others. English rule was imposed and is maintained by the sword even though like many other conquerors the British lord has found ways to hire his subjects to police their fellows. The question with us is not the peculiar guilt of Great Britain but the general guilt of the imperialist system, of which the United States furnishes all too many examples.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

An Answer

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The answer to your editorial, What is Wrong at Washington, was given some few weeks ago by H. L. Mencken when he said that we were having "government by utter damned fools." Those five words cover the entire field.

Fayette, Ohio, May 8 CHAS. E. YOST

Contributors to This Issue

EDMUND WILSON, JR., was born in Red Bank, New Jersey, where his family now resides, and where he has spent a considerable portion of his life. His father was for some time Attorney General of the State of New Jersey. Mr. Wilson graduated from Princeton with the class of 1916. He has been the managing editor of *Vanity Fair* and a member of the editorial staff of the *New Republic*.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL, of the Graduate College of Princeton University, is the author of "Contemporary French Politics" and "The Washington Conference."

BENJAMIN STOLBERG has been a lecturer on sociology in the University of Oklahoma, and is a writer on current sociological issues.

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Books

Non-Competitive Males

The Secret Places of the Heart. By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company. $2.

THE hero of Mr. Wells's novels has been rising higher and higher in the social scale of late. He—this hero—used to be called Mr. Kipps, Mr. Polly, Mr. Hoopdriver, and usually worked in a draper's shop. Quite obviously he represented an oppressed and unhappy class, and we who used to read those novels supposed that Mr. Wells favored an economic change for the benefit of that class. Then his hero took to appearing in other guises—as an inventor in "Tono-Bungay," a member of parliament in "The New Machiavelli," a globe-trotting amateur sociologist in "The Research Magnificent," still more recently as a Bishop, then as God (and, as God, still the same discontented Wellsian hero, disliking almost everything on earth and doing His feeble and petulant best to change things, but easily discouraged); and now he is Sir Richmond, a coal baron, and one of the lords of the earth. But for all these changes of fortune, and even in this new and glorious incarnation, he remains an oppressed and unhappy person. And by this time it has become apparent that the oppressed and unhappy class to which he belongs is one which must be described in terms of temperament rather than in terms of economic condition. And the change which Mr. Wells advocates is now seen to be only incidentally an economic change—being fundamentally a change in our human state of mind. So long as that state of mind remained unchanged, Mr. Wells's hero would be unhappy anywhere. For he is what we may call a Non-Competitive Male. And as such he is destined to be unhappy in any competitive society.

Our present human society is dominated by Competitive Males. And from Mr. Wells's point of view, these Competitive Males are strange creatures. They find a world full of the possibilities of happiness. And instead of proceeding to share and amicably enjoy these riches, they invent a game, the game of life, far more complicated and absurd than any card game, and settle down to play that game, with happiness as the stakes.

That is what the Non-Competitive Male cannot understand. He is a highly imaginative and sensitive person. He wants what he wants when he wants it. He understands what happiness means far too well, and he wants it far too much, to be content to play any silly game for it. The thought of taking away somebody else's happiness does not particularly please him. And the thought of losing his own happiness is utterly intolerable. He is angry at having to play the game, and when he plays it at all he plays it sulkily or desperately.

He is therefore not liked by his fellow-players, who accuse him of being unsportsmanlike. So he is. He wants results, and scorns the process by which these results are to be, if at all, achieved. He is always objecting to the rules, and being called a kicker and an obstructionist. He would really like to tip over the board; but that would be revolution, and he does not always dare to think of such a thing. Perhaps he breaks the rules, and is caught trying to cheat. Then he is despised—for there are ways of breaking the rules so as not to get caught. Or he may break the rules successfully, and brazenly admit it. In that event he is called a cad; for gentlemen, whatever they may do, must at least conform to the rules in what they say. Or else he refuses to play. Then he is called a coward, or a weakling.

He, in his turn, notes with bewilderment, astonishment, and wrath the reverence which his fellow-players have for these rules—for the more absurd a rule may be, he finds, the more loyally they cling to it. He concludes that they are not interested in happiness, but only in playing the game. And he in his turn despises them as fools.

It is doubtless true that the efforts of such discontented and impatient Non-Competitive Males have simplified the game of life century by century; rule after rule has been thrown aside, and now most of us find the game, if not easy, nevertheless enjoyable enough to make it worth while. We are ready enough to consider changing the rules, but we would think twice about abolishing the game altogether. But he, the Non-Competitive Male, still—in life and in Mr. Wells's novels—frets and curses and threatens to upset the board. . . .

We could understand the bad manners of this H. G. Wells hero when he was poor. When he was Mr. Polly we could sympathize with his desperate plan to set fire to his miserable little haberdashery and cut his own throat in the ruins, as the best end to a game that wasn't worth playing. But what, in this worldly glorious new reincarnation, has he to complain about? Why should Sir Richmond, the coal baron, fail to find life worth living?

That is what Mr. Wells tells us in his new novel. And it is all he does tell us. This novel is, more even than most of his recent ones, a sermon, a lecture, and a speech to the jury. It is a sermon on the wickedness of being competitive, a historico-travel lecture on the long, hard road that leads to Utopia, and a speech to the jury in defense of Sir Richmond, who died of a broken heart because Utopia is still so far off. . . .

Of course, here as in these former incarnations, the trouble arises in regard to women. Sir Richmond's concept of happiness, like Mr. Polly's and yours and mine, is sexual in origin. We know to begin with that we are dealing in this novel with a temperament which is outraged, hurt, disappointed, baffled, and injured to the last degree by the discovery that it can't have whatever it wants. But Sir Richmond seems at first glance a man who *can* have whatever he wants. He had married, like Mr. Polly, a wife whom he doesn't like; but unlike Mr. Polly he doesn't have to live with her, and he needn't burn down the shop and commit suicide so that she can get the insurance—no. His fortunate economic situation makes his unlucky marriage no burden at all. He falls in love with another girl, lives with her, and she bears him a child; but, unlike the hero of "The New Machiavelli," he finds this no interruption to his career. He is quite the man of the world, and in the conversation with a psychotherapist which inaugurates this novel, he refers to her casually enough as "my mistress"—a phrase which any previous Wellsian hero would have found his lips unable to utter, echoing as it does of traditional masculine and class privilege. Unlike all Mr. Wells's other heroes Sir Richmond understands and avails himself of the conventional ways of getting around the conventions, without finding it necessary to break his shins against them. Up to a certain point, indeed, Sir Richmond might seem to be a "regular fellow." If only he believed in the Ten Commandments and the editorials in the London *Morning Post* he could pass for the perfect type of conventional citizen.

But he isn't. Mr. Wells gives him away. He is a queer fish after all—as we realize when we are told that he is working on a coal commission to subserve not his own private ends but those of humanity at large. He is in fact trying to create the beginnings of world control of the coal supply. That is what his colleagues on the commission cannot understand. What! A coal baron working for the public good! They don't believe it—only they don't quite see what he *is* working for. If it were for some comprehensible private gain a deal could be made so that everybody would be satisfied. He isn't playing the game. And one now begins to suspect him of some violently irregular and unconventional, if not positively revolutionary, kind of sexual idealism. And when we find that he is making a pretty poor job of his work on the coal commission, what with his impetuosity, bad temper, and general inability to deal with his fellow-males, one recognizes him, in spite of his new disguise, as our old friend, the hero of "The New Machiavelli," "The Research Magnificent," and all the rest of the Wellsian catalogue.

So rightly enough, when the beautiful and intelligent Ameri-

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can girl comes upon the scene, we know what to expect. Trouble. I daresay that to a reasonably efficient Competitive Male the situation would present no undue complications. A wife, a mistress, and even an illegitimate child are, surely, no great handicap to a hero when he has met The One True Love! They could all be explained, in due time, after a period of discreet silence, as the mistakes of one's youth. What are sins for except to be forgiven? A few repentant tears, a strong man's tears, and I'm sure it would have been all right with the American girl. Oddly enough, Sir Richmond didn't regard his mistress as a "sin." He was still in love with her. And with the American girl, too. He wanted them both.

But the expected psychological obstacle to their love does not develop. The American girl, having been, one takes it, an earnest reader of Mr. Wells's other novels, is even more modern than he is. And almost utterly uncompetitive. "In the New Age," she says, "all lovers will have to be accustomed to meeting and parting. We women will not be tied very much by domestic needs. Unless we see fit to have children. We shall be going about our business like men; we shall have world-wide businesses—many of us—just as men will. . . . It will be a world full of lovers' meetings. . . . Meetings and partings. . . . Women will be used to seeing their lovers go away. Even to seeing them go away to other women who have borne them children and who have a closer claim on them. . . . But I don't mind very much. . . . If I were a perfectly civilized woman I shouldn't mind at all."

The obstacle that does develop is her father. He has a prejudice against English lords. He is now on his way across the ocean to act as her bodyguard. Also on his way across the ocean is her temporarily mislaid fiancé, a red-blooded young American low-brow. Her father, as it happens, is an oil baron; her neglected American youth, a financier. If Sir Richmond lingers upon the scene, there will be war—a new Trojan war, with the American girl playing the part of Helen, and all Sir Richmond's hopes of bringing order into the coal industry will be ruined. And this situation appears to Sir Richmond not as a challenge but as a ridiculous and disgusting proof that we have not yet emerged out of savagery. He doesn't want to fight for the woman he loves. And he won't. And, for that matter, she doesn't want to be fought over. Wherefore, at the outset, they determine to maintain a Platonic relationship with each other. They visit Stonehenge and Avebury, and talk endlessly about the Past and the Future, each trying not to think about the fleeting Present. . . . Sir Richmond says to himself: "We have to put this relationship upon a Higher Plane."

But presently out of the depths of his temperament comes this cry: "God! How I loathe the Higher Plane!"

The truth is that Sir Richmond wants something which all his power and prestige and money, poor fellow, can't get for him—a new world. His concern over the destructive waste caused by private ownership in coal-mining is a part of the idealism native to the Non-Competitive Male—an idealism which objects with even more fierceness to the destructive waste caused by private ownership in love. He is as helpless in this situation as Mr. Polly ever was in his. Sir Richmond can have a mistress; he can have forty mistresses, if he wants them. But any stable love-relationship must involve some kind of ownership. Where ownership happens to be impossible, love is practically barred, too. He can have an "affair" with this beautiful American girl; considering her experimental attitude, he can hardly avoid having one, despite his resolves. But it must be on the world's terms of hasty and furtive adventure—if he is to remain in the world and do his work. But he is not content with a secret adventure. He wants the right to love and be loved. He wants precisely what Shelley wanted when, after eloping in turn with Harriet and Mary, he met Emilia: a world made safe for the Non-Competitive Male, a world in which a free and joyous acting out of one's normal love-impulses doesn't bring down on one's startled head a storm of jealousy, hatred, remorse, and perhaps suicide, murder, blood-feud, and war. Well, of course, he can't have it; but, refreshed by his little idyl, he returns to his committee, and Mr. Wells tells us that he put over his report. I don't believe it. I don't believe that a man of Sir Richmond's temperament could ever put over anything on his fellow-males. And then he goes home, and takes pneumonia, and dies.

Either this death is a meaningless accident which has no place in the story, or else it is equivalent to Mr. Polly's projected suicide. The latter, I think, is true. Sir Richmond has had a beautiful toy taken away from him, and he can't bear to live in a world so cruel. Of course it may be that Sir Richmond didn't really die, but merely wished to die; the thought of death is very consoling to heartbroken children and idealists. "And then they will be sorry!" But perhaps he really did die. Let us concede that he died, and grant his grievance the dignity that death gives the most absurd of our martyrdoms. He died because it wasn't worth while to live any longer in a world in which he didn't have perfect freedom to love and be loved. Not just the American girl, but all and sundry. . . .

Since he could not have his wish without remaking this sorry scheme of things entire, it behooves us to consider whether we might not be as unhappy in Sir Richmond's ideal world as Sir Richmond was in ours. Just what kind of world would Sir Richmond's be?

In one of his early fantastic romances, "In the Days of the Comet," Mr. Wells has sketched such a world. The earth swims into the tail of a comet, and everybody goes to sleep, and awakens in a non-competitive state of mind. England and Germany had declared war, and the fleets were about to give battle; when the sailors awake, they realize that there is nothing to fight about. The hero of the story is a young man whose sweetheart has just left him for another man; outraged in his sense of private property, he buys a gun and goes after them, intent on murder. He is about to kill them when the Great Change comes—and he realizes that murdering them would be silly. He marries another girl, but falls in love again with his old sweetheart. He loves them both. . . . Here, then, is the kind of world Sir Richmond wants, and here is what the hero of that early romance has to say about it:

"No one will have a difficulty now [in Utopia] in understanding how that could be, but in the evil old days of the world malaria that would have been held to be the most impossible thing. I should have had to crush that second love out of my thoughts, to keep it a secret from Anna [his wife], to have lied about it to all the world. The old world theory was that there was only one love—we who float upon a sea of love find that hard to understand. The whole nature of a man was supposed to go out to the one girl or woman who possessed him, her whole nature to go out to him. Nothing was left over—it was a discreditable thing to have any overplus at all. . . . All other women he was held bound to find no beauty in, no sweetness, no interest; and she likewise in no other man. The old-time men and women went apart in couples, into defensive little houses. . . ."

But that is about the present, not about the future. And as a description of the present it seems, unless one happens to be in a disgruntled mood, a trifle harsh and a little unjust. Without venturing to speak for the provinces, the convention of marriage in urban parts of the world does not seem invariably to require that husbands and wives find no beauty, no sweetness, no interest in anybody but their marital partners. There is such a thing as extra-marital friendship. . . . "Ah!" replies Sir Richmond's ghost, "you mean sublimation—all that sort of thing. The Higher Plane!" Yes, yes, Sir Richmond, we know how you loathed the Higher Plane! We shan't offend you by mentioning it further. Let us go back to Utopia, as further described in "In the Days of the Comet":

"Life is so rich and generous now, giving friendship, and a

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thousand tender interests and helps and comforts, that no one stints another of the full realization of all possibilities of beauty. . . ."

But—but—. We wish, naturally, to ask a question. And Mr. Wells has kindly provided us, at the end of that same romance, with an interlocutor, a man of our own time, a man like us, strayed somehow into that beautiful and strange future:

"I felt [he says] a subtle embarrassment in putting the question that perplexed me. And yet it seemed so material to me that I had to put it. 'And did you—' I asked. 'Were you —lovers?'

"His eyebrows rose. 'Of course.'

"'But your wife—?'

"It was manifest that he did not understand me.

"I hesitated still more. I was perplexed by a conviction of baseness. 'But—' I began. 'You remained lovers?'

"'Yes.' I had grave doubts if I understood him. Or he me.

"I made a still more courageous attempt. 'And had Nettie no other lovers?' [Nettie was the girl he had loved, and wanted to kill for her faithlessness, and then fallen in love with again.]

"'A beautiful woman like that! I know not how many loved beauty in her, nor what she found in others. But we four from that time were very close, you understand, we were friends, helpers, personal lovers in a world of lovers.'

"'Four?'

"'There was Verrall.' [Verrall was the rival he had wanted to murder.]

"Then suddenly it came to me that the thoughts that stirred in my mind were sinister and base, that the queer suspicions, the coarseness, and coarse jealousies of my old world were over and done for these more finely living souls. 'You made,' I said, trying to be liberal-minded, 'a home together.'

"'A home!' . . He put out his hand, and quite noiselessly the great window widened down to us, and the splendid nearer prospect of that dreamland city was before me. There for one clear moment I saw it; its galleries and open spaces, its trees of golden fruit and crystal waters, its music and rejoicing, love and beauty without ceasing flowing through its varied and intricate streets. And the nearer people I now saw more directly and plainly. . . . They really did not justify my suspicions, and yet——! They were such people as one sees on earth—save that they were changed. How can I express that change? As a woman is changed in the eyes of her lover, as a woman is changed by the love of a lover. They were exalted. . . .

"'*This* is our home,' he said smiling, and with thoughtful eyes on me."

That is the argument, then, of this as of so many other of Mr. Wells's books. Private property—in love as in everything else—must go! At eighteen this argument appealed to me vastly. And I still think that I could live in such a Utopia without any embarrassment or sense of strangeness. But at nearly twice that age—is it that I am getting old and conservative?—I find the game of life as it is currently played, the competitive game with its traditional rules, somewhat more interesting and less difficult. Intellectually I still regard it as a rather silly game, but certain instincts—sporting?—competitive?—have awakened in me, sufficient at least to make me a not-too-discontented citizen of the age in which I live. And so it is that I am not deeply stirred by this tragedy. I can't be very sorry for poor Sir Richmond. In truth he cuts rather a ridiculous figure in my eyes. His heart-break seems a little, I regret to say, of a joke. I am much more interested in the "mistress" of whom Mr. Wells chooses to tell us so little; I would like to know just what, if any, satisfaction she found in having for her lover a Utopian born too early, a man who had so little sense of private property in love. The pains of this transition stage would be more interestingly exemplified in her, it seems to me, than in Sir Richmond. For I am not quite sure, in the case of Sir Richmond, if "it is not love, but vanity, sets such a test as that!" If the "secret places" of Sir Richmond's heart had been competently explored by a good Freudian, and not plastered over with talk as they were by the gassy psychotherapist who figures in this story, that might very well have been what would have been found there—a state of infantile egocentric vanity, nothing more.

FLOYD DELL

Underground

The Four Hour Day in Coal. By Hugh Archbald. The H. W. Wilson Company. $1.50.

In Non-Union Mines: The Diary of a Coal Digger. By Powers Hapgood. Bureau of Industrial Research. 50 cents.

MR. ARCHBALD, coal-mining engineer, makes incisions in the earth's crust, pushes his network of lanes and "entries" deep below the surface, throws machines and coal cars far underground, and brings forth coal as fuel. He is the master of the technique of coal-mining. When, therefore, he writes about men and the miner's life no one can say that he does not know the technical problems to be considered; he knows them well. Moreover, the miner's lamp set in his own cap, as the Introductory Note points out, lights up everything around a mine. Wherever Mr. Archbald goes, this lamp shines. It illuminates the dark corners of a miner's work as well as the treachery of a menacing roof. Confront Mr. Archbald with a man and a machine and his eyes travel to the man's eyes. He sees the grievances that, according to his own analysis, have been the same with miners for a hundred and fifty years. He knows the psychology of work in the dark and of isolation at the face of the seam underground, possibly out of sight and hearing of any other person. He sees the miner as husband, father, human being, member of the community.

His book discusses the relation between the organization of daily work in the mines and the discontent of mine workers. It should forever discredit the contentions of those employers who say that there is no such relation. Perhaps Mr. Archbald's most important contribution is in establishing that the miner spends, on the average, six hours a day in his working-place and that during that time he is at work three and a half hours. The other two and a half he is waiting for work and loafing. When it is remembered that mines run only between 200 and 230 days a year, Mr. Archbald is able to show that the miner loses some 1,600 hours out of a possible 2,400 hours of working time when he ought to be of service to the community and himself. He must, therefore, attempt to have his piece rate high enough to support himself and his family for a full year. The practice of many coal operators of giving the highest single day's wages, or single week's wages, of their best workmen as showing the earnings of miners, or even as showing the opportunities for wages at their mines, is pilloried as an idiotic and downright deceitful custom.

The "four-hour day in coal" that Mr. Archbald has chosen as his subject is the four hours, or less, that are actually worked, not the goal of four hours that has been suggested in some quarters as the working-time schedule to be deliberately set up. Mr. Archbald does not think that this would solve the problem. He sees the industry woefully lacking in intelligent organization, and it is the miner's plight in this lack of organization that for the moment concerns him. He discusses the complaints of miners as revealed in the Illinois record of grievances and adjustment, some of the peculiar aspects of their work, their discouragements, frailties, and parts of their point of view. He is interested in making a diagnosis, rather than in suggesting methods of treatment; there is little in the nature of a constructive program in his book. Neither does he describe the life of the miner in company-owned towns outside the mine, the whole civilization of dependence and of control from above that surrounds him. But it is constructive enough to put before the public the facts that he here sets forth.

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The diary of Mr. Hapgood is a fine complement to this study. Mr. Hapgood, a member of the United Mine Workers of America, left Harvard in 1920 and went to work in non-union mines at the request of the Bureau of Industrial Research. His diary tries to picture first the general conditions of a miner's work as found in several Pennsylvania towns, and second to throw light on some aspects of non-union camps. Mr. Archbald tells you about "the miner"; Mr. Hapgood gives many of the same facts in terms of his own buddies, "Chris," John Mason, Bill Masters, and others. You see him and his companion doubled up like jack-knives beneath a roof four and a half feet high, laying track and doing other "deadwork" for which they receive no pay, it being the practice of the company not to pay for work of this kind but only for the actual loading of coal. You see a company policeman watching the movements of all strangers and, with the superintendent, ordering them out of town. You see men being paid by the car for the coal they load, instead of by the ton, and grumbling all the time that the companies' statements of what the cars hold are too low. You get the smell of the whole system of company-owned houses, stores, towns, roads, and of the company control of nearly every aspect of life.

The facts in these books need to be widely known if there is to be any real public understanding of the wastes and injustices in one of the basic industries of the country. Mr. Hapgood's diary is easy to read. Mr. Archbald's book, also brought out under the auspices of the Bureau of Industrial Research, is too much like a mine: one must work hard at it to extract the ore that lies there. There are journalists on the staff of the Bureau and they ought to have seen to it that the volume was more easily and lightly composed. But the Bureau is making good headway in its campaign to get at the real facts about coal-mining.

WINTHROP D. LANE

Romance Once More

The First Person Singular. By William Rose Benét. George H. Doran Company. $2.

Lilia Chenoworth. By Lee Wilson Dodd. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

THOSE who deplore the recent dominance of "drabness" in the American novel may take heart. Gifted and reputable men of letters are jumping off into the blue. They assure you first that they have the firm ground of reality under their feet. And indeed they give every evidence of knowing that ground. They return from their wildest flights to reassure you at moments that they have not lost contact with the earth. They have an uneasy feeling that there are more people today than ever who crave that reassurance. Having given it they are off again; stage-clouds swallow them; they make their final bow graceful in a halo of gilt paper.

Mr. William Rose Benét's first venture into fiction makes one regret the novel he did not write and might have written. The story of Dr. Gedney and his wife Martha is indicated with profound understanding and easy power. Here Mr. Benét had a theme of the utmost fruitfulness and importance which he evidently understands thoroughly. What a novel he could have made of that woman's self-torment poisoning herself, crushing her husband's will! But that would have been another piece of drab realism, that is, of life as rich and dark as loam. Then there is Jason Duffitt, the grimy village bachelor, who goes to church and has the imagination of a Heliogabalus. In the conception of this character, its fires, terrors, futilities, there is something gigantic—Swiftian yet utterly pitiful. Alas, the story of Jason could not, however austerely told, have been a proper one. It could not, under any circumstances, have been cheery. So Mr. Benét has left us hints, beginnings, broken scenes, and has put us off with something that smacks of a very tepid "vie de Bohème" blended with a detective yarn of the sentimental kind in which the long-lost daughter comes anonymously home to die in the waters of her native river, is fished out, carried to the paternal roof, and finds there—accidentally a guest—the lover, the constant lover, from whom a quarrel separated her many, many lonely years ago. We trust this is a correct account of the outcome of the Flora-Adela-Jane-Gertrude tangle with its futile suspense which teases the mind without satisfying it.

Mr. Benét's manner is as split as his matter. He can write closely, directly, strongly. But just as he seemed to feel that it was his duty to tell a story in the weary sense of a plot that is tied and untied, so he seemed to have felt that he must have a touch of the ultra-modern—perhaps as compensation—in his style. The result is a series of paragraphs scattered up and down his book in which he "bombinates" after the fashion which Ben Hecht borrowed from Dorothy Richardson and called it smart. This method distorts some of his best bits of portraiture. We feel quite sure that Mr. Benét knew Uncle Arthur as a man; he projects him as a gargoyle. The reason for making so much of these mistakes of both substance and form is clearly that Mr. Benét again and again shows signs—the retrospective sketch of Slade's father is another—of possessing the knowledge, insight, power, of a novelist in an uncommonly high degree. He has obscured all these qualities by telling a yarn and cultivating a manner not his own. If, some day, he will tell us with burning candor all he knows about the cases of Martha Gedney and Jason Duffitt, he will satisfy his utmost ambitions as a novelist.

"Lilia Chenoworth" is a book far easier to describe than "The First Person Singular." It is much more of a piece; it is much more sustained on its own initial level. Mr. Dodd wanted color and glow, goodness and pathos, and a tinge of picturesque wickedness. He tells us what he wants to tell us, not what he finds to tell. There are men like Harrod; they don't become college presidents. There are a thousand Thorpes; they don't objectify themselves and slough their skins. Lilia is beguiling; one grasps her at moments as a symbol of the candor of true beauty. Both that impression and the human figure fade out in a conventional semi-Murgeresque Paris. All these actions and passions end by being, despite Mr. Dodd's unquestionable literary accomplishment, novelistic in almost the sense of Wilkie Collins! The only rule in art is that there is no rule. But there are certain fundamental truths. Art must be like bread or wine or earth; it may be like cheese or leather. It must not be like cake or ginger-ale—not even the best imported—or plated ware or mercerized silk. These critical symbols are rough. Mr. Dodd's texture is much better than the mercerized article. But no living silkworm sitting on a mulberry tree spun the threads of which it is woven.

L. L.

A Bitter Draught

How We Came Out of the War. By Irene Cooper Willis. London: International Bookshops, Ltd.

INDULGING freely in heady draughts of Wellsian and Wilsonian Idealism, British Liberals lived through the periods of the war and the making of the peace in a sort of intoxication of spirit. Oblivious to all mundane facts, with their eyes fixed on an imaginary future, they floated in an ecstatic atmosphere of emotional and inspirational enthusiasm, punctuating their progress with high-sounding slogans. Now, on the cold gray morning after, Miss Cooper Willis's history of their mental and spiritual adventures comes as a chilling but salutary draught of common sense. All three volumes prove her incontestably right when she says that the war, "from the intellectual point of view, was a flow of unbridled impulse; the thought that ran alongside the engines of destruction was of a rotten quality. The world's moral currency has been debased by the extraordinary issues of beliefs, with less and less substantial backings in fact."

The last volume of this historically valuable series covers the

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period from the armistice to the signing of the peace treaties. Like the other two, it is tersely and excellently done, and follows the same plan, being largely compiled of extracts from typical Liberal organs. It is addressed "to those who, unwilling to cultivate heroism at the expense of humanity, are ready to look back, question, and condemn." In retrospect, the passions loosed by the war appear even more sinister holding continued sway after the actual conflict had ceased, when to hate and fear were added the vicious sentiments of greed and revenge. This little book shows that even the illiberal provisions of the peace treaties failed to bring the Liberals to earth, and it remains a psychologic puzzle how, having been so frequently duped, they can have continued optimistic long after their programs had been trampled in the dust.

Liberals "who hoped, by lending themselves to destruction, to build upon the ruins a better world," failed because this belief was unsound and because they were never more than nominally in control. Less strongly placed than those who saw no further than the destruction of the foe, they "had to strengthen their moral position by the myth about origins, from which issued the myth about aims." Miss Cooper Willis likens them to "the Prussians of the intellect, brandishing their shining phrases like a mailed fist." She quotes Montaigne: "Our follies make me not laugh, but our wisdoms do"—and continues: "I do not want to laugh at the wisdoms of Liberal idealists, but one laughs sometimes to avoid tears. Their unwarranted optimism, their arrogant and irresponsible assumption that their aims were the prevailing ones, the utter absence of self-criticism, moral or spiritual modesty in their writings and speeches, made a terrible scene of intellectual disorder, a replica in the field of thought to the battlefield itself."

Miss Cooper Willis has some hard things to say about "the folly of the terrible religion of sacrificing the entire present to the future," thereby rendering that future incalculable. "The only respect which, in the case of multitudes, we ought to have for the future, is respect for the present, respect and care for the life of the present so that the future may live." Possibly when mob psychology has been more closely studied we shall come to recognize that the waves of hysteria which periodically sweep over the world are mental epidemics, mind plagues, equivalent to visitations of typhus or cholera, and shall learn to doctor them, or, better still, take preventive measures against their outbreak accordingly. In Miss Cooper Willis's opinion, "what is wanted to avoid such catastrophes as this which has almost ruined us is not so much a creed as a skepticism."

B. U. Burke

Sociology Tinged with Emotion

The Reconstruction of Religion. By Charles A. Ellwood. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THERE are books that are important because of their own beauty, power, or originality, and there are books that are important because they are typical of social or cultural tendencies of the period in which they appear. To the latter class Mr. Ellwood's disquisition belongs. Already it has been hailed by liberal Protestants as a kind of new Bible. In so far as organized Protestantism has or is likely to have any message to our times other than Mr. Bryan's terrified traditionalism, it will probably lie in the direction of Mr. Ellwood's reconstructed religion. It becomes, then, of importance to examine his thesis.

Religion to Mr. Ellwood "is a belief in the reality of spiritual values . . . that is, the values connected especially with the personal and social life . . . and projects them into the whole universe." It must be united with scientific social knowledge. This union is the reconstruction of religion which is necessary for our salvation from a pagan or semi-pagan civilization. The problem of religion is sociological rather than philosophical or theological. "Religion must be freed from the trammels of theological dogmatism." The only way to serve God is to serve man. This reconstructed religion does not demand a new creation but a restoration of true Christianity which is "the religion of Jesus rather than the clutter of historical beliefs that have at one time or another assumed that name." Jesus laid a foundation in religion and ethics "as stable as the foundation laid by Copernicus in astronomy or by Darwin in biology."

Having thus described the essentials of a positive Christianity, Mr. Ellwood goes on to assure us that it will reaffirm the belief in God, immortality, the reality of sin, and salvation from sin "as a part of the universal religious consciousness of mankind." "God," this sociological contemner of theology assures us, "the ultimate reality which has produced man and which is leading us upward and onward toward a better life with our fellows, toward a fuller realization of his will, stands in relation to us, according to Jesus, even as a loving father stands in relation to his children." Jesus "is the ample and sufficient leader of mankind." Having thus established the theoretical basis of reconstructed religion he discusses its application to the family, to politics, economics, and social pleasure, and ends with a chapter on The Opportunity of the Church.

Obviously a book of this sort deals with value judgments and no reviewer bound by limits of space can be fair to his readers who does not confess his own approach to the subject. The present reviewer would therefore record his own belief in the importance of what seems to him the religious attitude toward life; he would also acknowledge a broad agreement with Mr. Ellwood's standard of social values, resisting the temptation to criticize some of the author's opinions in detail. Yet he confesses his own pessimism as to reconstructed religion or renovated Christianity if this book is a measure of its intellectual grasp, human understanding, or social passion.

In the first place, does not an author incur suspicion who ostentatiously throws philosophy and theology out of the front door of his religious structure only to invite them in through the window? This is precisely what Mr. Ellwood does when in the space of a score of pages he discourses on God, immortality, sin, salvation, prayer, and the person of Jesus in terms which are proper to philosophy—though even so a bit dogmatic—but which are not within the field of sociology. He does not save himself by declaring in his preface that whether or not his "rather definite theological views" are sound his argument is not affected thereby. Liberal Christianity cannot avoid discussing the grave issues of the existence of God and the problem of evil by tucking them in as a rider on a program of social reform.

In the second place, Mr. Ellwood's social Christianity, despite all the theology he has taken over into it, is not the Christianity of the great mass of Christians, Catholic or Protestant. It is difficult to preach as true Christianity a religion which would be regarded as inadequate or heretical by the overwhelming number of those who in all generations have regarded themselves as Christians. Difficult but not impossible if, as Mr. Ellwood assumes, we could easily turn back to Jesus and find him primarily a first-century sociologist. The truth is that the "back to Jesus movement" has struck many snags in the progress of New Testament scholarship. Mr. Ellwood deals with the eschatological elements in Jesus's teachings in a way that seems to the present reviewer quite inadequate to the facts and their significance. But one need not stress eschatology to realize that Jesus lived in a world of thought alien in important respects to our own. His intense belief in an omnipotent God would be puzzled if not offended by the God who is implied in "the conception of a universal moral reality . . . which is the creator and preserver of *all the good* that man has known or can know" [italics are the reviewer's]. And if it be replied that these metaphysical problems are secondary to the spiritual passion of Jesus, one can only retort that it is easier to imagine him as the comrade of Gandhi, of Tolstoi, or Gene Debs than of the professors of sociology and preachers who com-

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mend this book as the message for which the world waits.

So we come to the third difficulty. One might strive to suppress all other doubts if the thing Mr. Ellwood calls reconstructed religion were vital. Names would not matter if any restatement of religion brought that "synthesis of aspiration with knowledge" which, as Professor Kirsopp Lake points out, Thomas of Aquinas achieved for Christianity in the Middle Ages. Defective historical criticism and philosophic statement could be forgiven if a reconstructed religion swept men with such passion as to wipe out racial prejudices and the lust of exploitation. The failure of Mr. Ellwood's book lies in its lack of a real message. His abstract conceptions of social relations are generally sound, but how remote they seem from West Virginia, the steel towns, and all the innumerable regions of earth where "ignorant armies clash by night"! In this book one finds wise words on democracy, politics, and economics, but no intelligent and passionate grappling with the essential difficulties of democracy. Always there is the caution common alike to politicians and cloistered students—but not to prophets—who think that the chief characteristic of justice is to set off "on the one hand" with "but on the other." Nowhere is there any conception of the ethical revulsion of unnumbered thousands against a church which, while claiming a divine message and blessing, neither tried nor desired to avert war nor to assuage hate. An author who is continually pointing us back to the teaching of Jesus never tells us that the clearest thing about that teaching was the doctrine of non-violent resistance which Christianity has openly repudiated while deifying the teacher. Mr. Elwood is somewhat aware of the failure of the church; he talks also of repentance. Does it not occur to him and his followers that the opportunity of the church on the most favorable terms depends upon open repentance for the kind of failure which drenched the world in blood and promises to bring about a yet more terrible holocaust? How can one talk of a reconstruction of organized Christianity without facing this primary necessity to its moral restoration?

Is the book, then, devoid of merit? Will no good thing come out of the renascent movement toward a Christian social order of which it is one of the signs? That is not a necessary conclusion. On the contrary, if any considerable section of the middle-class would accept Mr. Ellwood's religion instead of Bishop Manning's or Billy Sunday's or Cardinal O'Connell's it would be a real gain. But to combat their religions and overthrow the "semi-paganism" of our civilization requires a better weapon than Mr. Ellwood's sociology tinged with emotion. The social interpretation of Christianity was incomparably better done by Walter Rauschenbusch a dozen years ago. This new reconstruction of religion is but a revival on a lower level of a movement which all but disappeared at the threat of war. It may have a certain vogue, it may sail a fairly prosperous course under tolerably fair skies; it can neither avert the storms which are gathering nor rule over them. Mankind still waits for a "synthesis of aspiration with knowledge" which will make at once for the enhancement of personality and the unification of society.

NORMAN THOMAS

Drama

The Empty Road

FOR its special subscription performance the Theater Guild selected this year "From Morn to Midnight" by Georg Kaiser. This play was translated soon after its first production by Ashley Dukes; it was the first German play to be performed in London after the armistice; it remains the sole German expressionistic play available in an English version. All this is not as accidental as it seems. Georg Kaiser, who has gained an international reputation more rapidly than Hauptmann did in his day, is not a great writer. Nor is he a small man borrowing glow and splendor from a great period; he is the small man of a violent period. But he has made that period or, rather, that moment—for it is already over—intelligible and vocal. And he has done so primarily in this piece "From Morn to Midnight." I have been rereading his other plays. There is a great, unclarified idea and a tinge of human warmth in "Die Bürger von Calais"; there is a force and turmoil like the contention of icy storms in "Gas"; in his comedies—"Die Sorina," "Der Zentaur," —in his pseudo-historical plays—"Die jüdische Witwe," "König Hahnrei"—there is but one monotonous attitude, one frozen gesture. The moment in the history of the drama which will, not only in Germany, be connected with the names of Kaiser and Sternheim was a moment of unutterably cold disgust. It said to its predecessors, to Hauptmann, Shaw, Schnitzler, Galsworthy: "You whined about justice, compassion, rectitude, understanding, tolerance, beauty. Here is the war. This is what Europe is like. Man is a filthy beast; life is slime and ordure; let us whine no more." That mood is gone. In Ernst Toller, in Franz Werfel there sounds the voice of the eternal, bloodless revolution, the voice of love, of that tireless hope that "creates from its own wreck the thing it contemplates." Kaiser's hour of moral nihilism belongs to the past. "From Morn to Midnight" is its most memorable work.

The outer form of the play is new—seven discontinuous episodes that merge into a final oneness of effect; the inner form is old as parables and legends. This bank cashier who, dazed by a woman's glow and fragrance, embezzles a small fortune and flees, what is he, at his core, but a pilgrim seeking salvation? It is only the name of salvation that changes. In one age it is submission of the human will to the divine will; in another it is the submergence of the will and so of pain in ecstasy. Ecstasy—that is the salvation the cashier seeks. The price is death. He shrinks no more than the martyrs did. He is not without scruples. He tests himself and his home; he tests natural pieties and griefs. They have no power to save him. He flees to the mob and finds tameness, to the flesh and finds no flame, to the soul and finds money-changers in her temple. There is no salvation whose name is ecstasy. He dies unsaved; the world is empty and the universe. He is the crucified one of that emptiness. His dying lips moan an "Ecce homo!" This is, obviously, no vulgar fable, no vulgar work. In its small, narrow, unbeautiful way it has its faint kinship with the "Divine Comedy," "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Faust."

The Theater Guild was attracted to the play as much by its form as by its substance. These racing visions must remain visions yet be real; every indication must have its sharp concreteness yet its symbolical power. The world is this actual world but it is in the fevered brain of one creature. Mr. Simonson has solved his problem by having all things—except in the snow scene—tangible and edged but blending with dream and vision. There is no periphery. The snow scene, which is purely symbolical, is devised with astonishing skill, perhaps with too emphatic a virtuosity. The scene in the cashier's house strikes an imperfect note. What has the Germany of idyllic quaintness, of porcelain pipe and silken cap to do with this debased machine-made environment? The other scenes are magnificent. That in the hall of the Salvation Army is a triumph. Vulgarity, mystery, terror, the gloom of the spirit—all are here. The directing is as admirable as the scenic embodiment. At moments the speed seemed to slacken; the rhythm of voices and bodies was constantly satisfying. Except for a brilliant and acrid bit by Helen Westley the burden of the acting falls on Frank Reicher. The protagonist is everything. To criticize Mr. Reicher in any facile way would be foolish. He had an essentially new problem. In the snow scen he alone speaks. Yet his speech is no monologue; it is not thinking aloud; it is dramatic speech, visionary dialogue between man and fate, confession, all in one. In the total absence of comparative examples the personal reaction alone is left. To me Mr. Reicher was the man of the play's text; he has replaced the fainter image which it left in my mind. His voice is its voice and its shape his own.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

Russia and the Amalgamated

A PLAN for constructive aid to Russia to be undertaken by American workers was laid before the recent convention of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America by Sidney Hillman, president of the organization, who has lately returned from a visit to Russia. The salient points of his proposal, together with the resolutions of the convention and certain "projects" embodying the organization of the scheme brought from Russia by Mr. Hillman and never before printed in this country, appear in the following pages.

What Real Help Means

AT the May 11 session of the convention Mr. Hillman explained his plan in an address in which he said in part:

The Soviet Government has assumed economic functions, and it does some of the things that the capitalistic governments are doing. What Russia needs is sufficient capital to start the thing going. What Russia needs is what every country needs. There is hardly an employer in this country who, if refused credit from the banks, could run his business. All countries in the world today must have credit. What happened to Russia is this: After the whole world had taken Russia's wealth during the war, after more was destroyed during the revolution and the counter-revolution and by the blockade, the rest of the world refuses it credit.

I believe, delegates, that any capital invested in Russia has as many of the elements of safety as that invested in most of the other countries of Europe. Naturally you have to invest your capital. While thinking this matter over it occurred to me that, after all, the investments that are made—investments that are made by bankers—are not made with the bankers' money; they get all the other people's money and then they make the loan. Now, I wondered whether it was not time for the people here who want to help Russia to say to the bankers, "If you are boycotting Russia, we will find other channels besides you through which to give our money for investment in Russia."

I have discussed it with the heads of the Soviet Government. I have gone through the factories. . . . I want to say to you that you here cannot do one-tenth of what they are doing. They have clothing factories employing over a thousand people. Over a dozen factories are in Moscow and Petrograd alone. If our girls sewed on the buttons that they are sewing, in the time it takes them, our price committees would be busy every day. They are turning out clothing that could be worn right here in America. They are turning out better clothing than is being turned out in some of the markets in America. They are running textile factories with the latest equipment. What they need is capital to develop their industries. After long conferences with them, they have offered concessions to us, not as the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, but to a corporation which we will organize and to which all workers of all organizations and people who believe it is their duty to help may subscribe if they so wish.

The Russian Government will turn over to this corporation, on a partnership basis, two clothing factories, employing today about 9,000 people, and two textile factories. The actual value of the buildings, the actual value of the property, the actual value of the merchandise will be perhaps from 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 gold rubles, or from $2,500,000 to $5,000,000. All we would be asked to do is to put into that proposition $1,000,000. That will make it possible for that $5,000,000 to begin to work.

We will have under those concessions all privileges. We will have preference on all orders given by the Government, preference on all raw materials that we may need. We will also have preference in doing export business for Russia with this country, or any other country. Besides that, the Soviet Government guarantees the amount of money invested, even if the business should not be successful.

I will say to you, delegates—and I am now speaking entirely from the point of view of a man who has considered the proposition purely on its merits—that I believe that this enterprise, if pursued properly, is bound to be successful. All we need to do is to send over half a dozen experts, because these tailor shops are run today under a most efficient system. Some of the rules may not even be surpassed by as progressive an organization as we are. They are turning out today millions of units of clothing in the factories under charge of the Soviet Government.

The obligations have been assumed completely by the Soviet Government. We have not assumed any obligations. If some of the terms are not to our liking, we could get together there and propose changes. That would put us in a position of actually not only helping but participating with the Soviet Government on a basis of concessions, first, to run these tailor shops and a few textile factories, and then to take any other concession that we feel that we would like to. Our possibilities would only be curbed by our own limitations.

I want to assure you that as far as I know you will get the complete, absolute cooperation of everyone in Soviet Russia, whether they are with the Bolsheviki or against them, whether they believe in the bolshevik Government or not. More than that, you will have the kind of cooperation from the Soviet Government that no government outside of Russia, I believe, will give, and that no other interest can get inside of Russia.

What I propose is this: That this convention authorize and instruct your General Executive Board to organize a corporation, or many corporations, which shall be run here on a cooperative basis. I do not want you to feel that we predict a great deal of profit, but we want at least to limit the profits to 10 per cent, if the profits happen to run very high. In other words, we want to put the matter on the basis of cooperation so that all the other moneys should go right back into the establishment. I propose that we organize this corporation and invite all who are willing to associate themselves to join with us. We shall make sure that the control of the organization under the laws of the United States is so made that it will remain in the hands of organized labor. In other words, while we are willing to have the participation of others, we want the control to be within organized labor, so that it will not be used as an instrument for exploitation and exploitation only. We want this convention to authorize and direct us to go ahead with this organization. We want this convention to subscribe a substantial amount of money for the shares as an investment in this corporation. We want this convention to authorize the issuance of shares at $10 par, and leave it open to every worker or non-worker to take as many as he feels he can in order to help Russia and to help himself. I believe that, if everyone subscribes to only one share, there should be at least 100,000 people in this country who will consider it a privilege to buy a share and start this experiment in Russia.

Naturally, before the actual arrangements are completed, experts from our side will make a careful study of all of the details. The organization of these enterprises will be run by a joint administration with equal representation from the two parties. . . .

I do hope that this convention unanimously, without considering that there is any room for division, with the kind of an enthusiasm that will not only give hope over there, but give

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new hope to ourselves, sends forth the message that our organization has still the courage to undertake other enterprises that will be helpful, not only to ourselves, but to others. And also, I hope that this convention, even if only in a small way, will serve notice that economic help from this country to Russia, or other countries, can come through channels other than Wall Street and the banking combination. . . .

Now we will put in $1,000,000 from the start. The money will come not only from our own organization. I do not want this to be purely an Amalgamated effort. I would like to say that the doors are open to anyone who is willing to help and bring about life in Russia. Such a person is welcome. We will start with $1,000,000, and that will create wealth, and will feed those on the bread line.

This plan, if successful, will show a new way out, not only for one group, not only for labor, but for the whole world. Delegates, I appeal to you in the name of humanity, in the name of everything that should be dear to everybody to whom humanitarian brotherhood has any meaning. I hope that you will not only adopt this proposal but that you will let loose a new force that will sweep away obstacles, and by your example encourage others to imitate, and send a new message to the world that we of labor assume newer responsibility to help in the reconstruction of the world, so that civilization may be saved for labor and everybody alike.

A Contract with the Soviets

A DRAFT project for the initiation of industrial enterprises in Russia by American workers was drawn up in Moscow in the form of a contract between Supreme Council of National Economy (SCNE) of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic on the one hand and on the other a "workers' society in America" designated as the "American-Russian Trade Industrial Workers' Association" and referred to as ARTINA. The text of the chief articles of this draft project, which has never before been published, follows:

1. SCNE and the ARTINA organize in Russia a Russian-American Central Board for the management of the united enterprises.

2. The SCNE specifies and transfers to the disposal of the Central Board for exploitation the necessary workshops and factories of different branches of industry with all their equipment, and also all of their stores of raw materials, fuel, and provisions; and the ARTINA transfers to the Central Board the financial means and technical equipment, inventory, raw materials, and provisions.

3. The SCNE transfers in the first order to the Central Board a group of factories of the needle industries in Moscow and Petrograd employing not more than seven thousand persons, with all buildings, equipment, machines, auxiliary enterprises and stores of raw materials and fuel which are to be found in them at the time of the transfer; and the ARTINA obligates itself to finance the Central Board out of the funds secured by the issuance of shares among the American workers' organizations, members of those organizations, and after that private persons.

Remark 1. Of all of the property transferred to the Central Board, an inventory and evaluation are made on the basis of the international market price in gold.

Remark 2. The transfer of the aforementioned enterprises from the SCNE to the Central Board shall not cause a stoppage of production in these enterprises.

4. The ARTINA obligates itself to take all measures to make impossible the development of a majority amongst the stockholders of the ARTINA antagonistic to the organization. . . . With this purpose the ARTINA limits the right of transfer of shares without the consent of the ARTINA, or brings in other limitations permitted by the laws of the United States directed to that purpose.

5. The ARTINA obligates itself to bring into the Central Board One Million Dollars in money or its equivalent at the same time that the SCNE transfers its aforementioned property.

6. The whole property invested by the ARTINA on the territory of the Russian Socialist Federative Soviet Republic is guaranteed by the SCNE of the Russian Socialist Federative Soviet Republic. . . .

8. The Central Board in Russia is composed of members appointed by the SCNE and the ARTINA for the term of ——— and acting on the basis of the status of the Central Board confirmed by the Council of Labor and Defense of the Russian Socialist Federative Soviet Republic.

9. In case of failure to agree in the Central Board the debated question is referred for review to the SCNE and the ARTINA.

10. The Central Board has preference on orders, and also on raw material, fuel, and transport from the economic institutions of the Russian Socialist Federative Soviet Republic, and obligates itself to fill the Government orders in the first order.

11. Each of the contracting sides has a right to demand liquidation of the Central Board (1) if one of the parties violates the basic status of this contract, (2) if one of the parties acts in a manner injurious to the other party, and (3) in the event of the arising of insoluble disagreement as to the basic status of this contract.

12. In the event of a liquidation of the Central Board, a liquidation commission is appointed to carry it through, consisting of representatives of the SCNE and of the ARTINA.

13. Upon the liquidation the whole property of the Central Board that is on the territory of the Russian Socialist Federative Soviet Republic becomes the property of the SCNE, and the investments and the capitalized profits belonging to the ARTINA are returned, deducting amortization on a money valuation. The payment of all the sums belonging to the ARTINA are made by the SCNE in terms determined by the liquidation commission.

The status of the Central Board provided for in the preceding document is established by the terms of a supplementary project to be similarly signed by the SCNE and the ARTINA. The text of this "project for the status of the Russian-American Central Board of the United Industrial Enterprises" reads as follows:

SECTION I

1. The Central Board organizes enterprises and combinations of enterprises indicated by the Supreme Council of National Economy in various branches of industry, and manages them on the basis of economic exigency.

2. The Central Board is authorized to organize enterprises and to transact business operations outside of the Russian Socialist Federative Soviet Republic in accordance with special provisions of the Council of Labor and Defense.

3. The Central Board is composed of representatives appointed by the Supreme Council of National Economy and by the American-Russian Trade-Industrial Workers' Association, each side commanding an equal number of votes, irrespective of the number of representatives.

SECTION II

4. The Board is charged with:

(a) The general administration and technical charge of all the enterprises and combinations of enterprises;

(b) The making of plans for manufacturing, and the supervision over their execution;

(c) The general managing of all the operations in the preparation and supply of the factories with raw materials, fuel,

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food supplies, machinery, auxiliary material, and technical installation;

(d) Production and marketing of products;

(e) The taking of all measures for the enlargement of the enterprises and the improvement of production.

5. The Board is responsible for the safety of the property, the fulfilling of production tasks, the successful management of the business, and gives to the Supreme Council of National Economy and to the American-Russian Trade-Industrial Workers' Association a report of its activities in the order, form, and time stipulated by special agreement between the Supreme Council of National Economy and the American-Russian Trade-Industrial Association.

SECTION III

6. The means of the Central Board are made up of the movable and immovable property invested by the Supreme Council of National Economy and the American-Russian Trade-Industrial Workers' Association in the combined enterprises, whereby the Supreme Council of National Economy transfers to the Central Board the factory buildings, machinery, installation, stores of raw material, fuel, transportation facilities, auxiliary material, and auxiliary workshops, and the American-Russian Trade-Industrial Workers' Association transfers to the Central Board the necessary financial funds, machinery, instruments, mechanical supplies, half-finished products, and provisions. The Central Board shall make an inventory and an evaluation of all the property received by it, according to the prevailing international market prices on the basis of gold.

7. The property thus invested by the American-Russian Trade-Industrial Workers' Association, likewise the capitalized profits in corresponding portions, upon deduction of amortization, is returned to the American-Russian Trade-Industrial Workers' Association in terms of money upon the liquidation of the Russian-American Central Board and in other cases as provided for by the contract.

SECTION IV

8. The Central Board is obligated to observe on the territory of the Russian Socialist Federative Soviet Republic all of the existing laws and decrees. The activities of the Central Board, its forms, order, and term, are regulated by special contract between the Supreme Council of National Economy and the Russian-American Trade-Industrial Workers' Association and confirmed by the Council of Labor and Defense.

The relations between the Central Board and the factory management are defined by special instructions to be worked out by the Central Board.

"Kuzbas"

WHILE the Amalgamated Clothing Workers are perfecting plans for investing money in Russia, another group of American workers is already engaged in a different sort of industrial enterprise. "Kuzbas" and Nadejdenski Zavod, two important industrial districts, will be developed by a group of American workers who are volunteering to emigrate to Russia for this purpose. Nearly 200 have already gone. A definite agreement with the Soviet Government has been reached describing and limiting the activities of this group. We print below the text of this agreement, which has never before been published in full in the United States.

The Soviet of Labor and Defense (STO) of the RSFSR on one side and the Organization Group of American Workers in the persons of S. J. Rutgers, H. S. Calvert, and Thomas Barker, on the other side, have concluded the following agreement:

1. The Organization Group, extended with representatives of labor unions and other workers' organizations in America, as mentioned in Paragraph 5, organizes an industrial unit for the exploitation of Nadejdenski Zavod and a number of enterprises in the Kuznetsk Basin in Siberia (Kuzbas). The unit is subordinated to STO and its local organs and functions on the basis of a special statute approved by STO, in accordance with the following fundamentals:

2. The unit receives in its management and exploitation the following enterprises:

(a) Nadejdenski Zavod with all its auxiliary industries (iron ore and coal mines, forests, etc.), according to a special list drawn up by the Economic Council of the Ural.

(b) Coal mines in Kemerovo with the existing equipment for exploitation and with additional and auxiliary industries, e. g., coke ovens, chemical factory, brick kilns, sawmills, etc., in accordance with a list prepared by the Sibrewkom.

(c) Two brick kilns in Tomsk.

(d) A leather and shoe factory in Tomsk.

(e) Other enterprises, in accordance with an agreement with the Sibrewkom and its proper organs.

3. The unit forms a Soviet state enterprise, the total product of which belongs to the Soviet Government.

4. The unit functions not less than two years without interruption and takes upon itself the following obligations:

(a) To bring from America to Russia 2,800 fully qualified workers and technical personnel necessary for Kuzbas and 3,000 for Nadejdenski Zavod.

(b) To purchase from the money of its participants machines to the extent of $100 per worker in addition to the amount mentioned in Paragraph 8 and $100 per worker for purchase of foodstuffs. The workers that come to Russia must also be provided from their own means with the necessary clothing and household utensils.

(c) To organize purchases abroad of machines and tools with the money mentioned in (b) of Paragraph 4 and in (c) of Paragraph 8.

(d) Every worker that comes to Russia agrees to sign the four theses that are added to this agreement.

(e) To achieve the production program as it will be adopted in mutual agreement between the unit and the Economic Council in the Ural and the Sibrewkom in Siberia, with the understanding that in the first year the production must be increased for Nadejdenski Zavod not less than double the program for 1922, for Kuzbas not less than double the actual production over 1921.

(f) To engage the workers that work already in the enterprises that are taken over by the unit, with the same rights as the other participants in the unit, under the provision that they shall comply with the requirements and discipline of the unit and that they prove capable to perform their work in accordance with their qualification and the norms of production fixed by the unit.

The unit has, furthermore, the right to engage Russian workers to work in the enterprises with the understanding that they will have the same material and juridical rights as the other participants in the unit.

Remark I. The transport of the colonists and their baggage to the Russian border will be at the expense of the colonists; from the Russian border to the final destination it will be provided by the Soviet Government and will be organized as military transport.

Remark II. The doubling of the production in the enterprises as mentioned in Paragraph 4, (e) must not be the result of an absolute increase in the number of workers, but must be caused by an increase in the average production per worker. In case of increase in the number of workers a corresponding increase in the output must be the result.

5. The management of the unit consists of the comrades mentioned at the head of this agreement, the comrades S. J. Rutgers, H. S. Calvert, and Thomas Barker, and comrades representative of workers' organizations in America and England, in accordance with those that sign the agreement with STO and under final approval of the list by STO.

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In this management of the unit STO appoints its delegate.

6. In the organs of management of Nadejdenski Zavod and in that of the coal mines in Kuzbas one delegate in each is appointed respectively by the Economic Council in the Ural and by the Sibrewkom in Siberia.

7. The members of the unit as well as the unit as a whole are subject to the general laws of the RSFSR.

8. To organize the work, Soviet Russia assigns not more than $300,000 under the following headings:

(a) $20,000 for experts for Nadejdenski Zavod and other enterprises.

(b) $5,000 for organizing expenses.

(c) $100 for every worker that comes to Russia with a maximum of $275,000 for the purchase of agricultural machinery and other equipment necessary for the work in the coal mines.

9. In order to enable the unit to extend its industrial enterprises and to secure for the participants in the unit a sufficient standard of living, Soviet Russia puts at the disposal of the unit:

(a) In the spring of 1922 a sufficient quantity of logs for the building of houses for the colonists;

(b) 10,000 dessiatins of land in Kemerovo rayon suitable for agriculture in accordance with the Sibrewkom;

(c) 50 per cent of the surplus production of the leather and shoe factory, as compared with 1921-22;

(d) 50 per cent of the surplus production of the Kemerovo coal, as compared with 1921;

(e) 50 per cent of the surplus production over the production program for 1921-22 for Nadejdenski Zavod;

(f) The production of the agricultural machine farm of the unit in accordance with the rules established for Soviet farms;

(g) The production of the brick kilns and wood exploitation that remains after satisfying the needs of the enterprises.

Remark. The forest exploitation must be carried on in accordance with the economic plan of the forest department.

(h) The right to exchange products with the peasants and others according to the corresponding general rules.

Remark I. During the first year the colonists shall receive payoks according to their number and the rules and norms for the Russian workers of the same category in enterprises on an economic basis. For the winter of 1922-23 they shall receive also sheepskins and felt boots. Soviet Russia will send 60,000 poods of flour to Nadejdenski Zavod for the workers that prepare wood during the winter 1922.

Remark II. The first group of workers (not over 200 persons) for preparatory work will be provided with all that is necessary, in accordance with a special list.

Remark III. The above norms of production remain in force during the first working year of the unit; afterward they are subject to revision in mutual agreement, with the understanding that the RSFSR recognizes the principle that the unit has the right to a sufficient quantity of its products to fulfil the established aims of production.

10. In order to assure the uninterrupted production in the enterprises of the unit Soviet Russia agrees:

(a) To supply through its proper organs or directly through the center, in accordance with the budget of the unit approved by STO, all that cannot be produced within the rayon of the colony and that is necessary for the enterprise, including monetary signs. The supply will take place in the same way as for other enterprises on an economic basis.

(b) To provide the unit with a sufficient quantity of means of railroad and water transportation.

(c) To provide the necessary quantity of cement and pig iron, according to a special agreement and upon the understanding that the unit provides from amidst its ranks a sufficient number of specialists to improve the production of the Jashkinski cement factory and the Gurieff Zavod.

11. In case for one reason or another either of the agreeing parties, the Soviet Republic or the unit do not find the agreement after all to be in accordance with the requirements, they have the right to dissolve the agreement. In that case the unit has

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the obligation to turn over in accordance with a special arrangement and to a specially authorized agent of the Soviet Republic all the buildings, equipment, and all that has been purchased in accordance with this agreement, including what will be purchased afterward.

The same shall be in complete order and good condition and be delivered without compensation on the part of Soviet Russia. Soviet Russia will have the obligation to secure all the means for transport out of Russia, without hindrance or delay to the colonists, together with what is considered to be their personal belongings and in accordance with the existing general rules for transport to foreign countries. Soviet Russia will have neither toward the unit, nor toward its members personally any financial obligation, outside such obligations as will be declared valid by the proper court or by the supreme central executive committee of the RSFSR.

English translation of the Russian text of the final agreement with STO to be considered official.

Moscow
November, 1921

The Workers' Pledge

The "four theses" to which the workers emigrating to Russia were bound to subscribe were drawn up by Lenin in the following terms:

1. The organization committee and the emigrants collectively are responsible that only such workers shall come to Russia that are able and willing to endure consciously the many privations that are unavoidably connected with the reconstruction of industry in a rather backward country, emerging from years of war and counter-revolution.
2. Each member of the Colony who comes to Russia undertakes to work at his (or her) highest capacity in order to create the highest form of productivity, so that they may be able to prove by deeds that the workers are more capable of operating industry than the capitalists. Each worker undertakes to subordinate himself (or herself) to the discipline of the Colony.
3. The members of the Colony pledge themselves, in case of misunderstanding or conflict, that they will accept as final the decision of the highest Soviet authority in Russia.
4. The members of the Colony pledge themselves to take into consideration the extreme nervousness of the hungry and exhausted Russian workers and peasants, and to try by all means to avoid friction, jealousy, or misunderstandings, and to attempt by all means to establish friendly and amicable relations.

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